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ARTHUR'S

HOME

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LITERATURE

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WILLIAM PAULDING CARUTHERS, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

➤ MISFIT MARRIAGES. ➤

A BOSTON MOTHER TELLS ABOUT THEIR CAUSES.

WOMEN, SHE SAYS, ARE TO A GREAT EXTENT TO BLAME.

"How to be happy though married," was the subject of an interesting paper recently read before a New England Woman's Club by one of its married members. The author contended that fully one-half of the married misery was due first to the growing physical weaknesses of women which made child-bearing a dreaded burden, and prevented those closer relations between husband and wife without which marriage became no longer a natural union but merely an unnatural contract. And, secondly, to the fact that motherhood was not considered "fashionable" by society women. Children, continued the speaker, bind husband and

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TELLING ABOUT MISFIT MARRIAGES.

wife more closely than the wedding ceremony itself. While we cannot hope, said she, to make motherhood fashionable among the "upper four hundred," or the people of pleasure, who never give to the world sons of genius or daughters of moral purity, we can hope to make the rearing of healthy, happy children the pride and glory of the mighty millions. To emphasize, no doubt her own domestic happiness, and demonstrate that in her case at least marriage had not proved a failure, the speaker appeared on the platform holding in fond embrace her infant daughter.

Nature never intended that woman should be tortured in the performance of her most important and most natural function. If the

COMING OF BABY

be contemplated with misgivings, worry and fear instead of joy and satisfaction, no mother can give to her child the greatest of all inheritances—robust health and a happy disposition, for even the Romans knew that the mother's condition reacts upon her offspring.

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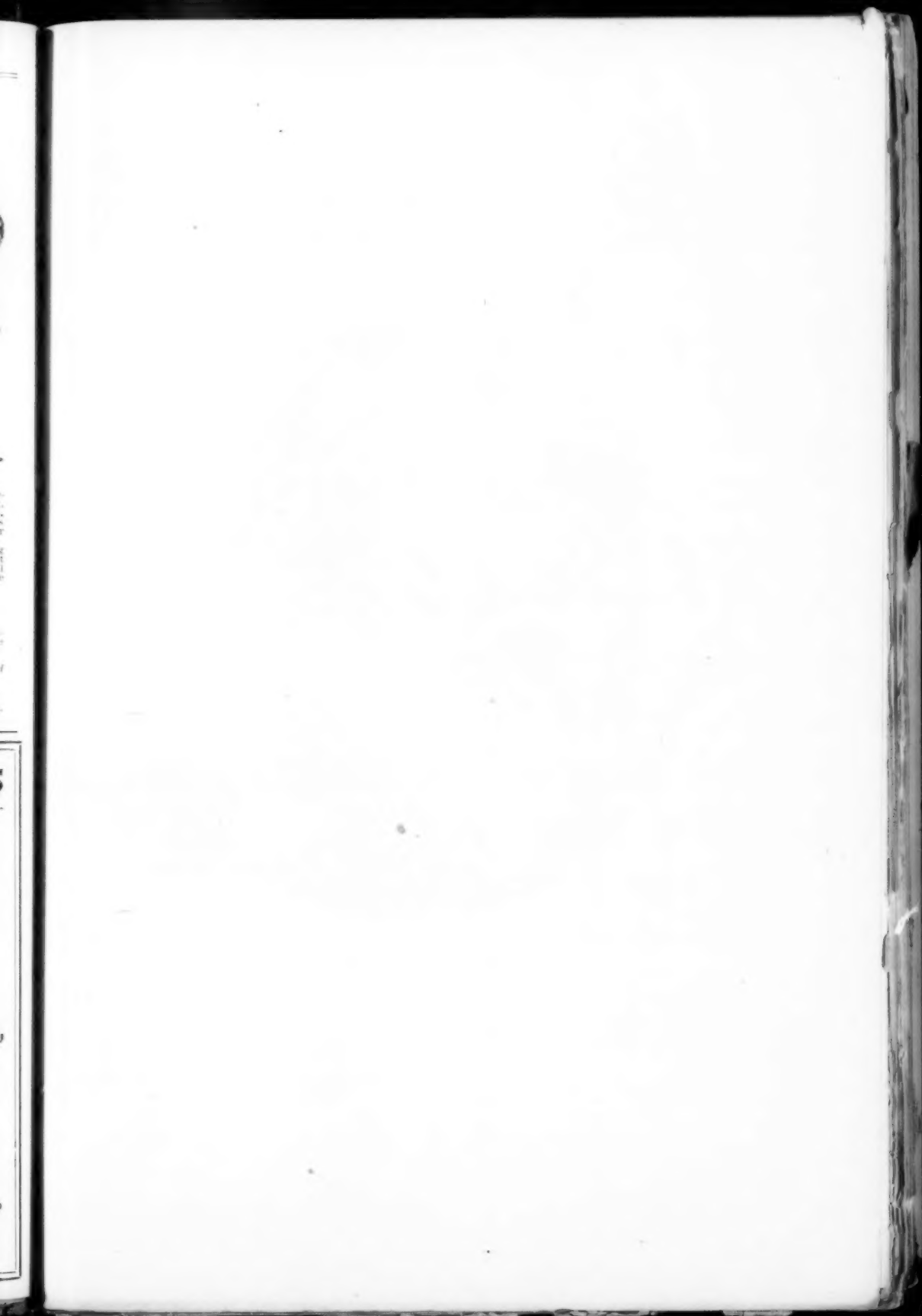
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1895.

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No. 11.

A NOVEL VIEW OF VENICE.

IN rainy, gloomy weather I started on my journey. I felt tired and out of spirits. A gray, leaden sky accompanied me for days together. At Venice, in the Piazza San Marco, people were keeping the carnival, shivering with cold; at Milan, a night rambler flitted now and then into the fine hall of Terpsichore in the Piazza del Duomo, and when I left Genoa a mist hung like a pall over the Riviera. At Nice again, on the last day of the carnival, I was met by mud and drenching rain.

Oh, that lovely South, how often does it not mock us! I can recall another trip of mine. It was in April, on a magnificently sunny day, I left home. Blossoming vines smiled upon me from the vineyards bordering the Danube. The mountains which extend from the side of the ancient ruins of Visegrad were glittering in the sun's rays. It was the first fine day of spring. Then for a month I wandered, seeking constant sunshine by the Italian lakes. Snow greeted me on my arrival, and the sun for weeks played hide and seek. I passed hours by the chimney corner, wrapped in rugs. In a word, nowhere did I find that life-giving air which was to invigorate body and mind. Truly, Italy is beautiful, but she demands an iron constitution. Draughty windows, stone floors, open fireplaces are really most ingenious contrivances, and I often felt very near to committing a crime. Nay, even an inclination to versify struggled within me, but fortunately

my frozen fingers refused their office. Still, I loved that fireplace with its fitful flames. With us the use of coke and coal has deprived the room of one of its elements of cheerfulness. No dancing sparks, no crackling wood! In the closed stove lies buried the poetry of the parlor.

During carnival week I set out for Nice. All the follies of this festival accompanied me on the way. Venice presented a peculiar sight. Rumors of an epidemic had been spread abroad and no strangers were to be seen in the Piazza San Marco. Its pigeons were fluttering about dejectedly, for there was no one to notice them.

Yet, if within, the hotels are empty, without is plenty of bustle, noise, turmoil and shouting. The pearl of Venice—the Riva del Schiavoni—that splendid broad Corso, with its fine open view facing the sea, has been transformed into a Wurstelplaterl or regular fair. Tumble-down, shabby, wooden sheds line the shore, surrounded by gaping crowds. One group listens to blood-curdling stories immortalized on canvas. The reciter feels all the agony of his horrible tale—the audience hangs on his lips, holding their breath. Close by there is a performance of dancing monkeys, a set of mischievous urchins teasing them all the while. A fortune teller, airily clothed, reads the lines of the palm: further on an acrobat indulges in various contortions, while a mountebank is swallowing knives; then follows a row of panoramas with fat ladies on show,

and finally there is a circus, the trumpet blasts from which fill the whole shore with their din. To this add orange sellers roaring in competition, and the noisy public wearing masks even in the daytime, and you will have some idea of the situation.

There, in the midst of this delightful harmony, I dwelt in full view of the sea, and I recalled those deadly still Venetian nights, never disturbed by the roll of carriages, the rumbling of

and I can distinctly hear the street singer who showed such a strange predilection for my particular window. I was sent to the South to seek rest. Such were my first nights.

I had formed quite a different conception of that famous Venice carnival. It is but a mockery of what it once was. Grace of manner and wit have migrated to countries farther south, and screaming burlesque has taken the place of clever repartee. Gaudily



SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE FROM PIAZZETTA.

trams, or the clattering hoofs of poor omnibus hacks. I remembered the moonlit nights, the melancholy voice of the gondolier giving his signal among the narrow lanes of the lagoons, and these recollections arose within me like a dream and a mirage. A hellish uproar reigned on this beautiful shore. Even now the *due per cinque* of an orange seller rings in my ears. Till late at night no other word passed his lips. Even now I am stupefied by the blare of the trumpets,

dressed maskers with no claim to taste pass to and fro, but only exceptionally here and there is a successful make-up to be seen. The maskers are few and great is the shouting, laughing multitude. Every newcomer is noisy, and a troop of curious idlers follow him on his rounds. The Riva, the Piazzetta, and the Piazza San Marco are the arena of this wild folly. I remember only one good caricature. It was an imitation of the well-known type of the English tourist. Nothing was

wanting to characterize the specimen—the hat, the puggaree, the check suit, the telescope, the red guide book. With measured steps and reading, he proceeded toward the Piazza, casting right and left such serious glances that for a moment even the ciceroni who were lounging about crowded around him and became doubtful. He was the only successful actor.

When there are no foreigners in Venice, the line of churches and decaying palaces along the Grand Canal exists only in Baedeker. The inhabitant of Venice cares little for them. His

lorn-looking masts in front of the cathedral. I had walked on the roof of the Campanile, had sighed on the Ponte dei Sospiri, had shuddered in the mouldy dungeons of the doges, and lastly I had feed at least a hundred sacristans for the privilege of gaping (the food of art critics) while the frescoes of the ante-Renaissance period were being shown me.

Thus I felt justified in becoming a loungeur. If there is any individual with an aptitude for this method of killing time he has only to come to the Piazza San Marco. Under the arcades are



GRAND CANAL FROM S. MARCO.

camping ground is the Piazza and the Merceria. He saunters about in unthinking idleness and sips his coffee under the arcades. Here for the first time did I see idling practiced as a fine art. I was far from being enamored with every Italian custom. Indeed I had my antipathies. But lounging suited my disposition very well. I felt as if I had somehow acquired a right to indulge in it. Years ago I had roamed through the Procuratie in every direction. I knew the number of arches in the row of the two arcades. I knew the meaning of the three for-

some tiny cafés. There he will soon be taught this special Italian art. The Quadri is the Hangli* of Venice, with this difference only—that while the latter is controlled by the seasons, the climate allows the former to be kept open all the year round.

Life at the Hangli begins toward sunset. At the Quadri they sip coffee from morning to night. Chairs and tables are placed in the open air. In

* The Hangli is a kiosk in Budapest, in the centre of the town, facing the Danube. It is a most fashionable place where the cream of society meets to chatter, gossip, take coffee, ices, &c. All foreigners pay it a visit. —ED.

the afternoon there is a musical performance; in the evening the scene is bathed in a flood of light. At night the Italian is in his native element, for then with him does real life begin. Crowds are surging in the Piazza,

food for your mind. These are the shoeblack, the flower seller, and the newspaper hawker. The shoeblack is a public institution in Southern Europe. Everywhere he has a fixed place to which he is bound. The only excep-



HOUSE OF DESDEMONA.

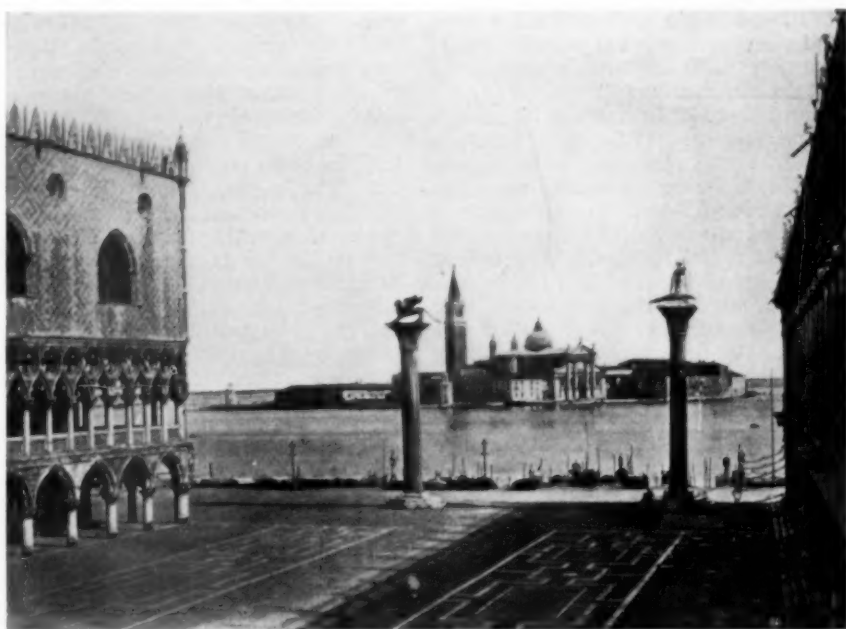
bright eyes glisten under the arcades, and as for the Merceria you can hardly move along its narrow ways.

I like the Quadri. You take a seat and you immediately encounter three friends. The one cannot endure the slightest speck on your boots, the other adorns your coat, and the third provides

tion to this is the shoeblack of the Piazza San Marco, who, although he has his particular station, is always on the move. The fellow is deeply conscious of the importance of his functions. With a grave countenance he inspects the feet of all newcomers and allows no suggestion of dirt within the

Piazza. If you avoid his stand his eyes follow you ; the moment you take a seat he establishes himself near, and there is no getting rid of him unless you are able to endure the most contemptuous glances. On such occasions I often thought of the Hangli and wondered what our fair ones would say if their cavaliers while escorting them allowed themselves to be operated on by a crouching shoeblack. I witnessed

a gondola. In reality the bulk of the inhabitants walk and the gondola is going out of use. Four hundred bridges serve to carry on the traffic between as many islands. Upon these the city is built. Arched bridges connect one canal with another. The chief line of traffic is the Merceria, which starts from the Piazza and leads to the Rialto. Shop follows shop with windows tastefully decked, and hurrying



PIAZZETTA AND VIEW OF ST. GEORGE.

such a scene once in the Piazza San Marco, and it appeared to me as if the well-starched and glazed swell under observation did not lend his limbs to the operator without a view to effect. Altogether, I noticed these Italians performing at their ease many acts far too publicly for my taste.

I do not know a more favorable spot for purposeless rambling than this Venice. It sounds strange, but so it is. Most people think that pedestrians are rare and that you cannot move without

crowds of lively people throng the streets. The sight is unique of its kind. In the morning the tide rolls toward the bridge of the Rialto ; in the evening, again, it flows in the direction of the Piazza San Marco. Early in the morning there is not a livelier spot in all Venice than the Rialto. On either side of it are shops ; beyond is the vegetable market, to the right the fish market. The Italian cries his wares with an indescribable noise. There is no lack of life in our city, on

the banks of the Danube, when we hold our markets; but the most diabolical uproar takes possession of the Rialto. With us the peasants also tender their goods; here they try to outdo each other in shouting. I have a vivid recollection of a furious cabbage vendor who, finding his voice drowned by the cries of a chestnut roaster, caught up a cabbage, as I thought, to bring in contact with his neighbor's skull; but no, he only ran with it to the top of the bridge, holding it all the while high above his head and piercing every ear with his vociferations. The chestnut roaster could not do likewise.

The Rialto has preserved its ancient characteristics. There Shakespeare's Bassanio still seeks his 3,000 ducats. It is still the centre of business. But its surroundings have undergone a complete change. The Grand Canal presents a sad spectacle, with only a solitary gondola gliding here and there, and its palaces falling in ruins. The things of to-day are not fitted for this frame. The few iron bridges occurring at intervals and the little local steamers form a striking contrast indeed. I shall never forget the feeling of depression I experienced on my first arrival. I came by rail. The station stands at the top of the Grand Canal. The train enters through a long viaduct. On both sides, as far as eye can reach, is water—a most melancholy sight. In Hungary the flooded fields in spring have something of this appearance. To those who have never seen the sea it seems as if the train will rush headlong into it; but the sea is alive, this is a dead mass. The lagoons are merely a bed of stagnant waters. Decay within, decay on every side; even the mourning suit of the gondola tells of decay.

The gondola is the one living shape amid these melancholy surroundings. All else around has become extinct; it alone remains, still gliding silently over the waters, only wearing a different garb to that of yore. It was splendid in purple when the star of Venice glowed brilliantly in the heavens; it put on mourning when the glory of

that star waned. None understood better the signs of the times. The fifteenth century, on expiring, bequeathed two names to the world; these two names decided the color of the gondola. When the fame of Columbus and Vasco da Gama reached these shores, it seemed as if the Bride of Venice had become unfaithful, as if the sea accepted other wooers. Then one night, with a grieving heart, the gondola looked for the star, but the star was no longer in its place. It had crossed the Arno* and had made its banks the focus of giant minds, thence flooding the whole world with dazzling splendor. Ever since then the gondola is in mourning.

If you would forget, avoid the gondola, for there you are sure to remember. The beginning and the end unconsciously present themselves to your mind. This rocking frame when uncovered recalls the cradle; when covered it resembles a coffin. Even the beggar (Charon) is not wanting to complete the picture. The gondolier never begins to move without the aid of his hook. The moment you step in he makes his appearance in order to set it moving. The start is somewhat difficult, but afterwards it slips along noiselessly, like a shadow among ruins. Thoughts crowd on thoughts; you retire within yourself, and muse deeply. You recall the past, and your whole life seems to revive—childhood, the age of fancy, poetry and dreams, and then the terrible awakening, the bare reality. All that is painful recurs to you, and a sadly depressing view of the future overwhelms your soul. Palaces of mighty proportions frown gloomily on you. To whom do they belong? To no one apparently. There is one with carved arches in the refined style of the Renaissance which strikes you; its owner once bore an illustrious name. Now money on old clothes is lent there. The gondola sweeps around, the scene shifts—narrow lanes, a stifling atmosphere, moss on the walls, rags hanging

* The author's meaning is this: In Venice the star denoted material prosperity; that is to say, Commerce; then came the Renaissance, the period of art, literature, viz., the period of Ideas. Venice begins to decline from the moment that Florence awakens.—Ed.

from the windows, and muddy waves before the rower. You are plunged in misery, and your only comforter is the gondolier.

Among the loungers of the Piazzetta there is none more sympathetic than the gondolier. He recommends politely what he has to offer, and is not importunate. He utters gently his "Gondole, signor," and manages his single oar with dexterity. It sometimes seems impossible for two boats not to

air, the other is smiling and kindly disposed; the first will talk you out of your senses, the second has the good breeding to respect your silence, conversing only when invited. The cicerone is pretentious, the gondolier is gentle, his "Grazie, signor," charms your ear, and you will seek him again.

But misfortune has fallen upon you also, ye graceful shapes of that famous shore; even the brightness of carnival did not enliven you. There, in one



BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO.

graze each other in passing; but for him there is no difficulty. He glides along lightly on his craft, and his manner of turning from one passage into another is quite masterly. His melancholy signal is the only living sound in this mute world, and, moreover, he addresses one so pleasantly. What a difference between him and those parasites sneaking about the door of the Doge's Palace! The cicerone is a burden, the gondolier an attractive companion; the one puts on an important

mass of sombre blackness you lie, drawn up along the Piazzetta. The little local steamers whistle around, and the hotel gondolas are ready to compete with you. Riots and revolt* are useless; the spirit of the March days will not help you when once the "common arbitrator" has given a warning hint. You also are doomed to disap-

* The ordinary gondoliers, earning very little, owing to the competition of the hotel keepers, who underbid them, rose in revolt in the early spring a year or two since, breaking and destroying the hotel gondolas.—
ED.

pear from the scene, and to share the fate of the Bucentaurus preserved as a memory in the arsenal.

The Venice of the lagoons is no more. What still exists of it has removed on to the land, and there even the stranger mostly takes up his abode. The gondola is become only an object of curiosity. One takes perhaps a trip in it, and then patronizes the little steamers. Steam suits the spirit of the age better. Traveling nowadays means to rush. Since the lightning express traverses Europe there is no such thing as traveling. There is not a traveler in it who could give an account of the country he passes over. The carriage no longer moves on the rails, it flies through the air, and the world seems turning and whirling around us. Silent figures occupy the compartments, withdrawing themselves quite stupefied into the corners. There is no country, only railway stations. To-day there is scant difference between the forwarding of mail bags and that of human beings. Every period has its peculiarity; ours is a nervous age. To be forever on the rush is our last mania. We travel flying, we observe flying. The question is not "What have you seen?" but "Where have you been?" The "I-have-been-there-also" style rules now in the halls of picture galleries, churches and museums.

On this occasion these did not exist, so far as I was concerned. Formerly the nervous patient was ordered rest; now he is told to travel. Such a traveler was I. I amused myself without excitement, and practiced idleness with method; this being at the present moment the recipe for nervous sufferers. I avoided the Accademia delle belle Arte, the churches, factories and arsenal. My only transgression was the Doge's Palace. The horrible sensations awakened by a first visit were over long ago. The excited curiosity of the eager sightseer did not torment me. I could gaze about unbewildered, like a daily visitor. I felt as one seeing a play performed for the second time. On such occasions we take our seats calmly, and give a look at our surroundings as well. The first perform-

ance allows us no time for thought, the second rather provokes it. This is what happened in my case with regard to the Doge's Palace.

The large hall is full of pictures reminding one of the past greatness of Venice; in one wing are represented the acts of Doge Dandolo; in the other has been immortalized every incident flattering to the vanity of the island city. You roam about in a bygone age. The walls speak of a thousand years since. Everything is but a memory. A thought flashes through your mind, and you ask yourself, "Is the present a reality?" and you cast a glance full of doubt through the windows to ascertain whether, perhaps, the sea has not left her bed and sought a more cheerful resting place elsewhere. The glittering sea is there, but she has been espoused by another. The three masts are still in front of the cathedral, but they are bare. The map scarcely recognizes the Morea; in Candia the Crescent shines, but its light is waning, and in Cyprus the Lion of St. Mark has been replaced by twin lions.

Thou enchanting nest on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, hast thou any remembrance of the time when thou also wert a child of Venice? Is there left to thee as much as the value of a flagless mast? If not, thou needst not grieve. The muse of poetry left thee a heritage which will last for all time. The worm will eat away the mast in the Piazza San Marco, but shouldst thou be buried in the waves, still shalt thou live forever!

The flagless mast recalls to my mind a scene as I walk among the chairs of the senate. It is night; the seats are filling. The council deliberates on urgent matters. The Crescent threatens Cyprus. They have sent for the Moor. He appears, but not alone. With him is an aged man, breathing rage, who claims justice. He considers his case more important than that of the state. A stain has been put upon the honor of his house. Without witchcraft it would have been impossible. The Moor stands there with flashing eyes, and listens to the charge unmoved. His countenance is com-

posed, devoid of all baseness. His defense is simple, lucid and dignified. It has a magical effect upon the judges. The doge raises his voice in a pacifying manner, but the old man is inflexible.

The cause of the accused wavers for a moment in the balance, till a clear, feminine voice decides the matter at issue, deliberately assuring her father that a woman's duty after marriage is to follow her husband. Then ensues another striking scene, testifying to the fire that glows beneath the ashes.

perhaps. He uses accessories (external means) more largely than Salvini, but both give you a consciously finished whole, each according to his artistic individuality. Rossi takes for his basis the passionate temper of the Moor. Salvini creates his Othello out of the universal chords of human feeling. In Rossi the animal often preponderates, in Salvini never. He is always, in the truest sense of the word, the noble Moorish general. Rossi's ravings terrify you. Salvini draws



A GONDOLA.

Othello departs to the defense of Cyprus. "Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see," is the father's warning hint; to which "My life upon her faith" is the thundering reply.

This scene reminds me of Salvini. I have never heard that masterly speech rendered in such an unaffectedly simple manner as by him; and more, to me his personality is in complete harmony with the frame in which he moves. Rossi is also great, but he gives the part too much color

his hearers into a sympathetic participation with his own emotions. Rossi's Othello is realistic; Salvini combines poetry with his realism. But both of them suffer over again all the agony of Othello, as Shakespeare conceived it.

The splendor of the sixteenth century often drew the great English poet toward the South. In particular he loved Venice; he loved it on land as well as on sea. Cyprus, the Doge's Palace, Verona are inseparable from

his name. Byron expresses this idea beautifully when he says :

Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystone of the arch ! though all were
o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

And now, fare thee well, thou city of memories; fare thee well, thou sad world whom for seven days the carnival has thrown out of thine own peculiar silence! It is time I should go farther on, toward my goal. The last night I spent therein preceded the three last of the carnival. Hundreds of shining candelabra poured a flood of light over the Piazza San Marco, night was turned into day, music re-echoed from the walls, and smooth planks had replaced the stones of the Piazza. In the centre was a temporarily erected temple of Terpsichore. On every side tumultuous mirth resounded, the arcade was crowded with merry-makers, and the cupola of St. Mark's aloft in magic splendor lent to the whole scene an Oriental play of color.

I left Venice the next morning at daybreak, and for a long while could not rid myself of the enchantments of the previous evening. The train had carried me as far as the wood-skirted garden of the Lombardy plain, and yet

the scene of the previous evening still stood before me, and I still beheld from my window the panorama to which I bade farewell on leaving Venice. Just opposite, the San Giorgio Maggiore; over yonder the Santa Maria della Salute; and to the left, the Lido, the "Margaret Island"* of Venice. I am sitting, in fancy, on the spacious terrace of its bathing establishment. There is a breeze from the northeast; I feel its refreshing power, and the high waves make the fishing boats dance right merrily. These heaving billows simulate hill and dale alternately as they overleap one another. Before me plays a foaming world of waters, causing my very soul to shrink within me, and my eyes follow the rolling waves as they lick the sand of the shore. One image succeeds another, until the sight of bluish waters awakens me from my day dreams. It is Lake Garda. Then the train leaves behind a large cemetery on its way toward Milan. These are landscapes worthy the brush of a Verestchagin. Beyond Milan I pass across a mountainous country, cut through the Apennines, and, skirting the seashore from Genoa, I reach my destination, Nice.

DENIS DE SZÜRY.

* The "Margaret Island" is a beautiful island on the Danube at Budapest.



IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

A GLANCE at this season's theatrical output conclusively proves that the romantic has superseded the analytical drama. We are spared for a time the hideous suggestions of

and pay the penalty which is regarded as the legitimate wages of sin. It is no longer *de rigueur* for the heroine to possess a shady record, or for the leading woman to be great in death



SARAH BERNHARDT.
From a Photograph by Navary, Paris.

heredity, degeneracy, Nordauism, and turn with a sigh of relief from the morbidly introspective. Our villains are once more grown healthfully wicked,

scenes only. After reveling in the too realistic real we have come round in the natural course of things to the ideal, and are comforted to find, on the



E. H. SOTHERN.
From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

stage at least, the world as it ought to be.

* * *

We have had, through the medium of Mrs. Potter, a *Marie Antoinette* of surpassing loveliness, so regally magnificent, so lavishly, so insolently resplendent, that small wonder was left the onlooker at the envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness that, smouldering in the French heart against the "Austrian woman," at last fired a revolution.

* * *

Mme. Modjeska's *Mistress Betty* was a sort of saddened edition of our be-

loved *Peg Woffington*. A *Peg* less her delightful philosophy, the tragedy of fate crushing out hope, faith, and finally life itself.

* * *

The Hollands, as master and man in "A Social Highwayman," both thieves, yet each with his code of honor, each in his way a hero, presented a superbly contrasted bit of characterization.

* * *

Nat Goodwin in a new phase and an old play, as "David Garrick;" Joseph Jefferson in his ever young "Rip," the pleasure of his stay accentuated by that afternoon given over to the players who, in such loving spirit, made him their gift of a loving cup—these are some of the picturesque figures which have passed before us in review.

* * *

In the art of stage mechanism Fanny Davenport is conceded to have few peers and no superiors on our side of the water. Miss Davenport is the exponent on the American stage of the Bernhardt drama, as we may well term the *répertoire* the gifted French woman has made so peculiarly her own, but is in no sense her imitator. And her English version of each play in turn has been a distinctively great production. "Gismonda" in its second year is as strong an attraction as when claiming the charm of novelty. The supper scene in the palace; the moonlit exterior of the hut, where horror succeeds horror, and the Athenian duchess gives vent to all the savagery of undisciplined nature; the final act of expiation in the church, where every sensuous element in the ritualistic service forms the vivid background of that daring declaration of guilt and penitence—these are pictures not soon forgotten!

* * *

I remember I first saw Melbourne McDowell, Miss Davenport's husband, in Montreal a number of years ago, where E. A. McDowell, his brother,

was heading a stock company at the Academy of Music. It was a well-balanced organization of clever actors and actresses, most of them young and all of them ambitious. George Riddle, later of Harvard, whose fame as a reader is too well known to need mention, was doing the romantic parts, and finding them little to his taste. The character work was in the hands of Felix Morris, who took firm root in the affections of the Canadians. And yet another of the favorites was J. H. Gilmour, who will be remembered in his fine impersonation of the *General* in "Shenandoah" last year. They were on so friendly a footing with the townspeople that when the wedding of E. A. McDowell and Miss Reeves, one of the company, occurred it called out one of the largest gatherings of the season. In those days Melbourne McDowell was scarcely known to the stage, appearing only occasionally in small parts and giving little promise of the prominence he has since achieved. His splendid physique well fits him for the rôles he assumes as support to Miss Davenport, whose commanding height and figure would dwarf an ordinary man.

* * *

Of "The Prisoner of Zenda" there are differing opinions as to the entire merits of a piece which has undoubtedly shown itself the most pronounced favorite of this season's successful ventures. The prologue lengthens it to the usual proportions of a tragedy, but in no sense detracts from its effectiveness thereby. This prologue, so sketchily suggested in the story itself, exploits, in one powerfully dramatic scene, the *raison d'être* for *Rudolph Rassendyll's* resemblance to the *Red Elphberg* in the afterpiece. Besides which it lends Mr. Sothorn opportunity to demonstrate how completely he can veil his identity under an accent and a peruke, added to a gravity of demeanor we are not wont to asso-

ciate with this actor's lighter methods. The duel, lighted only by the candelabrum held aloft in the hands of the second, with the blaze of the fire flashing red on the blades, holds the audience with the strange fascination that hangs on the issues of love and hate. The climax comes in the *Countess of Rassendyll's* complete abandonment of grief at the death of her lover, and Miss Bertha Bartlett's acting at this point had the ring



JANE MAY.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

of true metal. It is to be regretted that in the excellent cast we find Mr. C. P. Flockton in a lesser position than his abilities warrant.

* * *

A story of Bernhardt comes to us which is thoroughly characteristic of the undulating Sarah. It was in Paris,

"Grand Dieu, que je suis maigre!"—Then, her face clearing suddenly, she threw back her tawny head with a gesture of infinite pride—"Mais j'ai mon génie!"

* * *

Deepen the colors of the romantic, broaden its effects, and you have melo-



SCENE FROM "THE HEART OF MARYLAND."

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

and she was receiving in her dressing room one of the *amis intimes* she is in the habit of admitting while putting the last touches to her "make-up." Standing before the mirror, her eye was caught by the outline of the bones betrayed by her low-cut gown. In an access of disgust she burst out—

drama! "The Fatal Card," with a phenomenal run to its credit last season, has been revived and holds the boards at the Harlem Opera House at this writing. "The Great Diamond Robbery," while scoring heavily, had hardly attained the popularity of its predecessor. The reigning piece of

this ilk is by all odds "The Sporting Duchess," which is announced indefinitely. With Agnes Booth to carry the comedy and Cora Tanner to supply the emotional requirements any play would have a handicap on public indorsement. The "business" of the

years ago first brought them together professionally. They have established a little kingdom of their own in the hearts of their audiences. When they choose to be pathetic their subjects will weep with them, and, in as charmingly graceful an absurdity as this



ELLALINE TERRISS.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

piece is especially well conceived and capitally executed.

* * *

"Christopher, Jr.," developed into so telling a money maker that it has engrossed the entire engagement of John Drew, with the exception of the short, unsatisfactory stay of "That Imprudent Young Couple" at the commencement. The cleverness of Mr. Drew and Miss Adams has adorned many widely differing rôles since Mr. Drew's appearance as a star a few

present framework of their skill, smiles greet them just as readily.

* * *

The most subtle expression of the mimetic art is undoubtedly pantomime! Robbed of the voice, with its wealth of cadence to interpret every shadow of a shade of feeling, those other mediums we are apt to regard rather slightly are brought to bear upon us in full force. Eyes, lips, hands are perhaps the foremost factors, but every pose of the body with a tongue of its

own! What a magnificent training school of emotion! One is fain to wish all actors were compelled to a prescribed course of pantomime while fitting themselves for their careers. Then indeed would the word suit the action and the action suit the word. But subtlety in art at best commands but a limited hearing; it is the few

production of a fresh pantomime, "A Japanese Doll," as the new year opens.

* * *

Since Trilbyism set in, cases of hypnotism have increased at so alarming a rate that the woman seems justified who suggested that we have each our Sven-gali, did we but know it. Unfortu-



JAMES K. HACKETT.

From a Photograph by Prince, Washington, D. C.

who care for subdued colors. Broad lines and glaring effects come nearer the public heart. Mlle. Jane May has shown herself an artist to the finger tips. In "Miss Pygmalion" she gave us all the lightness of touch, untrammelled by convention, precedent has taught us to expect in a Française. Her *Pierrot* is delightful, though lacking a little in the naïveté of the large-eyed, mischief-loving Pilar-Morin. And, by the by, this latter purposes the

nately in most instances the disease takes a much less interesting form than involuntary song, and instead of being transported to the heights we are compelled to the lot of very ordinary mortals. Nightly at the Garden Theatre "Trilby" tells her story, and, amid all the changing attractions of the metropolis, still holds undiminished sway. Save that Blanche Walsh has replaced Virginia Harned as the heroine the cast is the original one.

The refusal of Miss Jansen to longer impersonate an unpaid "Merry Countess" has closed the doors of the Garrick. They will only reopen on December 2, when Mr. Mansfield himself plays his engagement there. We are promised two new additions to his ré-

sketch in his "Incident in the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

* * *

"Ah!" cried a feminine voice just behind me in the crowd issuing from the Metropolitan Opera House after



CORA TANNER.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

pertoire, which, whether or not stamped with success, are sure to prove interesting. His rights to the dramatization of Weyman's novels alone offer wide scope, and "The House of the Wolf," the first one announced, will be anticipated with no little curiosity. Apropos of English novelists, Conan Doyle's lapse into dramatic literature has supplied Sir Henry Irving with a telling

the first Sunday night concert, "I would go a hundred miles at any time to hear Plançon!" Her enthusiasm was widely echoed. Plançon was easily king of the hour, and bore his honors with an affable grace. After "The Two Grenadiers" (given as one of his encores) the house fairly rose at him; he was besieged, florally and verbally, and finally granted a third song to his in-

satiable listeners. Ondricek, the violinist, bore him a good second. His reception was one of unbounded cordiality—and how could it be otherwise? Such brilliancy and delicacy, such bewilderment of light and shade

of some months, and the familiar faces will be welcome again.

* * *

The evolution of vaudeville is no uninteresting feature of to-day's theat-



THERESA VAUGHN.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

—he is a veritable Paderewski of the bow!

* * *

The Daly company and the Lyceum company appear simultaneously, the former in a revival of "The School for Scandal," the latter in a novelty, "The Home Secretary." They have not been seen at the home theatres for a matter

of some months, and the familiar faces will be welcome again. A variety performance not so very long ago had about it a certain indescribable and undesirable flavor. The very name seemed to contain an implication that the performers were not of sufficient merit to aspire to the more legitimate walks of the profession, and so were foisted upon the public in the glitter and tinsel of a throng

to cheat and defy criticism. London has been essentially the home of the music hall, but America is not slow to adopt and adapt anything that lies in the category of entertainment. And we have given as much as we have

Olympia, the theatrical trinity, at the moment giving its house warming, is the most magnificent home of this form of amusement on this continent. It is hardly strange to find erstwhile light opera singers on the vaudeville stage.



MABEL LOVE.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

taken from our friends over the ocean. We have our own modifications, our own improvements, but season by season the standard of vaudeville has been raised, till now its ranks boast artists that are as truly artists as players of another grade. Hammerstein's

W. T. Carleton made his appearance some months past, and Marion Manola-Mason is just essaying her hand at this new field of work.

* * *

A performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea," to be given for "sweet char-

ity's sake," will present Minna Gale-Haynes as the lovely statue. Since her marriage Mrs. Haynes has been lost to the stage, and it was understood as well that she has suffered from long illness. This present announcement would seem to indicate a return to health, and not a few admirers of the Minna Gale of old will gladly welcome this reappearance, though it be but fleeting.

* * *

News of Eleonora Duse is conflicting. We have the date set for her coming; later, her illness is chronicled and the disappointment of our hopes; again we are given positive promise of an American tour. Pray that we may in some wise trick the fates into letting this stand! Hampered continually by bodily weakness, this wonderful Italian is like the sword whose sharp edge wears away the scabbard. The constant delicacy that craves warmth is the explanation of her love of fur. In all her plays fur rugs are plentifully bestowed about the stage on chairs and couches where the actress may recline.

* * *

That other, our latest *Camille*, is reaping her fair share of laurels on tour. I speak of Miss Olga Nethersole. In the face of two such famous *Marguerite Gautiers* as Duse and Bernhardt she has nevertheless essayed the character and rescued victory from the jaws of defeat. For human nature is very human, and comparisons are made in spite of all existing proverbs. It would seem impossible to coin any original treatment of *Camille*, and yet Miss Nethersole has found it. And if she does not already wear the mantle of greatness her claim on our interest is neither a small one nor to be lightly shaken off. Under the management of the Frohmans she is likely to show her best colors on her next visit to New York.

* * *

It might very well be said that Mr. George Edwardes' company in "A Shop Girl" earn their salaries by bodily activity. These English cousins of ours are enough to stagger any physi-

cal culturist. Such a succession of dances at a tempo that is absolutely breakneck, and as accompaniment to songs that ordinarily would leave the singers breathless! But the lungs and the feet of this clever band of merry makers seem untiring. It is only a thread of plot which holds together these kaleidoscopic scenes, but it is quite sufficient for all practical purposes, since there is not a slow moment. The search for the waif who is heiress to £4,000,000 sterling is the peg on which the various characters hang their individual efforts at entertainment. The low-bred Cockney, to the manner born, is comparatively little seen on the American stage; Miss Connie Ediss as *Ada Smith* gives a capital study of the intonation, accent, gesture, of this particular type of London life. She makes the most of her every line. Each member of the troupe is past master in the art of dancing, and the Kensington fair scene introduces some splendid specialty work, among which the dance of the "Japs" is perhaps their daintiest. "Twinkling feet" have found their true expression. Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., in addition to a strong resemblance, has caught to a marked degree the tone of his talented father, and is constantly giving one little reminders of the humor that is distinctively Grossmithian. That humor, by the by, recalls a story the elder Grossmith told of himself on his last tournee here. One evening in London, at a fashionable "crush" reception, he was one of a number of artists who contributed to the programme. A gentleman coming up hurriedly whispered Mr. Grossmith that he'd like to present a lady—"I didn't catch her name, you know, but I offered to introduce you!"

* * *

"Oh, I'm quite used to that sort of thing," the entertainer replied, "and shall be happy to meet the incognita." The gentleman returned presently with Mrs. Grossmith on his arm. Husband and wife surveyed each other, thinking it a practical joke, and tacitly agreeing to carry it out. Mr. Grossmith bowed solemnly, hand on heart, and then slyly

chucked his wife under the chin. The look of horrified amazement on her escort's face, as possibilities of an impending duel flitted through his brain, was only banished by an explanation of the relationship existing between the artist and the lady.

* * *

The instant, hearty appreciation which met "The Heart of Maryland" should be an unspeakable satisfaction to Mr. Belasco. He has chosen a story which should appeal in its pathos and heroism to that warmest corner of our hearts reserved for best instincts and half-neglected tenderesses. But not this alone—he has set the picture in the loveliest of Southern environment, and, with the true craftsman's skill, thrown in enough "situations" to stimulate by action the sympathies already aroused. Small wonder it achieved success at a bound! Mr. Belasco's far-sightedness took yet another turn when he reintroduced Mrs. Leslie Carter to New Yorkers as the heroine of his idyllic romance. Mrs. Carter's widely heralded first appearance some seasons ago in "Miss Helyett" had scarcely secured her enough favor to encourage high hopes of her second dramatic début. True, her play gave little scope for any powers the lady might possess, and as the Quaker maiden I confess the memory of Mrs. Carter that lingered longest in my mind was the recollection of her great wealth of ruddy gold locks. She was the living illustration of the fairy tale—"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair"—by means of which the Prince climbed to the tower and rescued his lady love. She has taken her audiences by complete surprise in "The Heart of Maryland," and left them not even time to surrender at discretion. Her acting develops an unsuspected depth of

emotional power, and a very real feeling runs through the scenes between her and her soldier lover. The piece will bear more than one seeing, which



MISSA GALE HAYNES.

From a Photograph by Sarceny, New York.

is more than can be said of most that have fallen to our lot of late. It has before it the prospect of a long life at the Herald Square before being seen on the road.

* * *

When Ellaline Terriss first made herself known on these shores the gar-

ments of a "Cinderella" could not conceal her very palpable charm. She is not only good to look upon, but has that best gift of the gods—youth—as her possession. Maturer years, riper experience, perfect and round the player, but alas! only when the youthful

kernels of untold comic operas. Dr. Carr's music rather cumbers the crisp lines; the haunting element is quite absent from the solo number.

* * *

The visit of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry has been, as hereto-



JOHN DREW AND MAUDE ADAMS, IN "CHRISTOPHER, JR."

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

witchery has yielded to the touch of Time's finger.

* * *

In the new Gilbert opera Miss Terriss found a congenial setting. Miss Mabel Love is another of "His Excellency's" girls who have ingratiated themselves with their audiences. Gilbert's whimsicalities always take one back to "The Bab Ballads." Between the covers of that volume of nonsense rhymes lie the

fore, a veritable triumph. There may be times and seasons when we disagree with Irving's conception of a character, but can never fail to ascribe to him the most perfect working of his ideal. His scenic effects are something we never cease to marvel at. In *Macbeth* and *King Arthur* he gave us new wonders, and yet his return to *Mephistopheles* perhaps gave the most genuine delight. Miss Terry is

beautiful always, but in *Margaretta* wears a charm that is distinctly a part of the child-woman.

* * *

May Irwin and "The Widow Jones" at the Bijou have given place to "The Night Clerk." As one of the stars of this uproarious farce Jennie Yeamans is again courting popularity—and winning it—with her songs and dancing. A number of novelties are introduced by the light-footed damsels who compose the cast.

* * *

Thus far our bill of fare has offered little in the comic opera line that has any enduring quality. Happily the Casino, after running the gauntlet of many failures, from all points of view, has found a trump card in "The Wizard of the Nile." Well-staged, well-costumed, and in the hands of competent people, it is enjoying a well-deserved prosperity.

* * *

"Shore Acres" has inaugurated its season most auspiciously at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Herne caters to the public palate with a nicety that bespeaks a thorough knowledge of his subject. Mrs. Herne's absence from the cast of the present play is perhaps the one circumstance we can find to cavil at. At the same theatre Mr. Crane, the comedian, will fill a four weeks' engagement on the withdrawal of "Shore Acres."

* * *

James K. Hackett, who as the *De Neipperg* of Katherine Kidder's production of "Madame Sans-Gene" last winter won so much favorable comment, has become a member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company, and is

intrusted with a prominent part in their new play, "The Home Secretary." But speaking of "Sans-Gene," some one, whose mixture of metaphors was rather out of the ordinary, being asked to define the name of the French washer-woman, promptly replied: "Wot t'ell."

* * *

The advance of Miss Cora Tanner from the ranks to the front has been a steady march of progression. In her early days, when "Shadows of a Great City" and similar plays gave her a hearing with the public, we had the promise. Now that the fulfillment has come we have a capable, painstaking, above all ambitious actress, intelligent always and not infrequently inspired. Her forte lies in emotional rôles, as she is just now proving in "The Sporting Duchess."

* * *

It is a coincidence that as Daly's company opens Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron are holding the boards at the People's. It will be recollected that Miss Ada Rehan's first venture behind the footlights occurred in the company of Mr. Byron, who is her brother-in-law. The piece, if my memory serves me, was "Across the Continent"—racy and Western and full of blood-curdling heroics, but with a flavor that suited the popular taste.

* * *

What a mockery is the holiday to the player! He is expected to go on, like the brook, forever, unthanked and thankless. The bill boards for Thanksgiving week announce almost universal matinées on the day when the turkey robed in royal cranberry is monarch of the board.





THE BIRTHPLACE OF YANKEE DOODLE.

THIS is essentially an age of commerce, and the maxim seems to be ever to look forward, leaving the past as fast as possible, as being a subject altogether too unprofitable to waste any time or thought over. While this is, no doubt, to a certain extent a necessary condition in a country undergoing the course of development, there is also a serious side to the question, for the spirit of gain is fast blighting intellectuality and repose, so important in the nurturing and encouragement of sentiment, which is after all the fount of all the arts.

It is therefore a great pleasure to note that, in spite of these conditions which surround us and would seem at first glance to be incompatible with any feeling of sentiment and interest in the struggles, trials and even romances of our ancestors, a strong love of tradition, though seemingly dormant, still exists. The Original Society of Colonial Dames of America deserves the greatest credit for the undertaking it has just so successfully accomplished. Through its efforts the first and decisive step has been taken for the preservation of the "old mansion Fort Crailo," a relic of national

importance to the American people, for it is a sad fact to relate that, prior to the active interest taken in the matter by the society, this old landmark was slowly succumbing to the vandalism of the day, and would have undoubtedly disappeared in a few years.

"Fort Crailo" is the oldest house in the State of New York, and is situated on the east bank of the Hudson River, opposite Albany. It was built about 1630; a stone in the cellar marks its completion in 1642. The bricks for its construction were brought from Holland, and stones a foot square, pierced with holes for muskets, were placed on either side of the doors as a protection from savage attacks. It is evident that the house was besieged more than once by the Indians, as there are marks of glancing bullets or arrowheads on the walls.

In 1663, after the burning of Esopus, the old mansion was used as a refuge by the neighbors and put in a state of defense. Tradition also states that the women and children were placed in the cellar, which contains alcoves large enough to shelter several families. It is not even wanting in a ghost, for there are those who claim to have seen

the wraith of a young girl who was carried off by the Indians and murdered, while the screams of Gertrude Van Twiller, sister of the famous Governor of New Amsterdam, Wouter Van Twiller, fill the neighborhood with the proper amount of awe.

In 1756 Fort Crailo was the headquarters of General Abercrombie, and it was there that a Colonial regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Fitch reported for service. The uninformed troops, whose only distinction was a turkey feather stuck in their hats, excited the ridicule of the English officers, and a young surgeon by the name of Richard Schucksburg, who was seated beside the well behind the old mansion when the troops rode up to report at headquarters, wrote the now famous lines:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni,

the word "macaroni" being synonymous with the word "dude."

It was also in this famous spot that the Jesuit priest, Father Isaac Jogues, a missionary to the Huron Indians, was protected by Herr Patroon Van Rensselaer, after having been cruelly tortured by the Mohawks, who cut off his thumbs with clam shells, while their squaws tore his nails out by the roots. Herr Patroon Van Rensselaer concealed him in the cellars until he could be conveyed to his home in France.

In order to awaken general interest in the period of our history in which this fort played so prominent a part, a "revel" was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, in November, by the Society of Colonial Dames, consisting of a reception given to the Sons of the Revolution, the Colonial Wars, the War of 1812, Aztec Society, the Holland Society and the Nicholas Society, followed by a series of historic tableaux, which very appropriately began with the "Purchase of Manhattan Island in 1626," and ended with the "Reception by Congress of the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Netherlands in 1783."

These tableaux were exceedingly

artistic, and a great additional interest was lent them by the fact that with the exception of Indians, who for obvious reasons were unavailable, the characters were portrayed by lineal descendants of the originals.

The outcome of the action of this society has been the starting of a popular fund for the preservation of Fort Crailo, which removes its future forever beyond the realm of uncertainty.

This Original Society of Colonial Dames was started by two or three women, who realized that, as descendants of famous ancestors, it devolved upon them to form a society whose members would preserve the relics and estates they had inherited, and thus add to the history of their country. It was further planned that at the monthly meetings papers should be read, compiled from old manuscripts and letters possessed by the family of the one appointed as reader. With such worthy aims in view the society well deserves the success and prosperity it has enjoyed from the very beginning; the membership has increased greatly, but what is more noteworthy is the fact that among the originators Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, president; Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner, vice-president; Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, secretary, and others in the board of managers have remained in office ever since the inception of the society.

It was only recently that my researches into the annals of old New York led me to discover that within a stone's throw of this Manhattan Island is a spot replete with historical reminiscences. This is the home of Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, president of the Colonial Dames. It is a lovely place, known as "Highwood Bluff," in Weehawken, N. J.; and is situated at the beginning of the famous Palisades, commanding a view of Manhattan Island, beyond that Long Island, while to the south can be seen the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and old Castle William, and in the far distance Staten Island, the Narrows and the Navesink Highlands.

For those who do not care to scale the heights on foot a good carriage

road winds through the grounds, but the sturdy walker has, however, the advantage of climbing the Laurel Path, which is the most charming approach to the house, besides being the original way used by the savage tribes who once lived in the neighborhood, and later on by General Washington as he, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, General Rochambeau, the Marquis de Chastellux, a troop of generals and distinguished officers, rode up this rocky

crowns, hawks and eagles that occupied it alone for many years a grove of cedars sprang up, and these lived their allotted life of 100 years, and died almost simultaneously in 1881.

At the end of the Bluff may be seen a natural rocky seat called the "Lover's Sofa," the scene of many a tryst; close by a projecting rock goes by the name of the "Lover's Leap," and on a misty evening the wraith of an Indian maiden is said to cast itself into the waters



FORT CRAILO.

path to the Bluff, in order to reconnoitre the half-ruined city of New York.

De Chastellux describes the commander-in-chief as "riding fast without rising in his stirrup or bearing on the bridle." He was mounted on a beautiful horse that had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. In 1781 on the "great rocks above Wehocken" a tiny fort had been established, and cannons had been dragged, with immense trouble, up the steep sides of the precipice; the trees that crowned this summit were cut down to form ramparts, and after the fort was dismantled and allowed to return to the custody of the

of the Sha-te-muck, or Hudson River, with a dismal shriek of agony.

Under the Washington fort is the "Devil's Pulpit," that stands boldly from the surrounding rocks, and beneath which was once a grassy knoll lapped by the waters of the river on one side and sheltered by massive crags on the other. This was the famous dueling ground, where many a bloody fight took place, and here one memorable morning in July, 1804, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr fought their duel. The red boulder on which the dying Hamilton sank was carried to the top of the hill in 1858, when a public road was cut directly

through this famous spot. Here the St. Andrew's Society erected a cenotaph to Hamilton's memory; but it was carried away piece by piece by relic hunters; who finally stole the commemorative marble slab on which the dedicatory inscription was cut. This was discovered in a junk shop many years ago and redeemed, and presented to Mr. King. It is now preserved, with care, above the site of the duel at Highwood Bluff.

After passing the Laurel Path one comes upon the remains of what was once a pretty pond; here is the site of the mill that was erected in 1678 by Nicholas Bayard, the nephew of Governor Stuyvesant and descendant of the beautiful Judith Varlett, who in 1665 was accused of witchery and thrown into prison. She was only freed from the terrible fate which threatened her by a letter from Governor Stuyvesant to the authorities in Hartford. She afterward married Samuel Bayard, and as her dower brought him landed estates at "Hoboken" and the "Great Rocks above Wiehocken." Hanging over the pond are huge rocks, which form a cave that has been occupied at various times by Indians, gypsies and vagrants.

The road leads gently up the hill to the old stone house built by Mr. James Gore King. This was once the scene of warm-hearted hospitality, as Mr. King loved to surround himself with his kindred and friends. Here from time to time assembled many famous men.

Joseph Bonaparte, or the Comte de Survilliers, as he was styled at that time, was a frequent visitor, and subsequently to him came Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans. The latter was so impressed by the beauty of the place that when he became King of France he caused a view of it to be painted on some china made for him at the Sèvres manufactory; plates with this view on them are now in possession of the family. Elisha Boudinot, James Lloyd, Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, FitzGreene Halleck and Daniel Webster were all frequent visitors, and Mr. Halleck wrote a charming poem on Weehawken.

Washington Irving spent many sunny hours on the edge of the bank close to the house, and here he composed the greater part of "Wolfert's Roost." Mr. Irving's habit of lying on the edge of the precipice alarmed his genial host, who feared for him an involuntary and frightful death. A rampart was accordingly built around the overhanging rock on which he ordinarily reclined, from whence a most extensive view could be obtained. In this spot is now erected one of the signal stations of the United States Coast Survey. The ends of the rampart were once terminated by two monoliths of stone, to which were fastened large shells that were called by the children of the family "cannon balls." These were presented to Mr. King by General Winfield Scott, in 1848, to commemorate the battle of Vera Cruz.

The carriage road leading to Highwood Bluff after mounting the hill turns sharply to the right and leaves the old stone house on the left, cuts across an orchard, past the ha-ha fence, into the demesne inherited by Mr. Archibald Gracie King and called by him Highwood Bluff. This blue-stone house with its red-tiled roof stands so boldly on the edge of the precipice that it may be seen for miles around, and when the trees are stripped of their foliage the house is plainly visible from New York city.

On the top of the house is the flag-pole that once bore an American flag at Fort Sumter; on either side of the door are the historic shells presented by General Scott. The cenotaph to Hamilton is preserved within its hospitable doors, with many another relic of bygone days.

"Weehawken, in thy mountain scenery yet
All we adore of nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met.
Nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn or boyhood's
days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's pride can calmly
gaze
Upon that bay or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land."

ISABELLE E. RUTTY.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

I AM not a spiritualist. Neither have I ever given credence to any supernatural manifestations. Of course there are indisputable facts presented to our minds every day quite beyond one's comprehension, as for example the workings and power of electricity.

Some persons, whose veracity we cannot doubt, have peculiar dreams that always foreshadow strange warnings, but I was never gifted in that way and have led a most commonplace existence.

With the exception of one niece I have no kindred in this country, and consequently live alone in spinsterhood with two faithful servants, John Ryan and his wife Betty. That we Pinkhams are an unsociable race may be judged from the fact that I had not seen my niece since her early girlhood, although she had been married and settled not fifty miles distant for about fourteen years. That last occasion was her mother's funeral, and several years after I received notice of her marriage, and subsequently of her father's death, without paying any particular heed save a line of congratulation and then of condolence.

Betty Ryan and John came to me twenty years ago when they first set foot in this country, fresh from their native shores, and have become perfectly trained in my ways and habits of managing, so that everything about the place goes on like clockwork. People sometimes have remarked that it is a pity such a fine old place should have so few inmates, and hint that my duty lies toward adopting friendless children. But I never entertained the idea, knowing well that my temperament is unfitted for social ties.

Betty is uneducated, hard working and unimaginative, a cheerful plodder with no intellect above her daily round of duties.

I, as before stated, am an eminently practical woman, not given to dream-

ing or romance of any sort. And yet the experience I am about to relate befell us two one summer morning in the broad light of glaring day.

We were in the garden, picking beans. The front door and windows were open, as was our custom before the sun reached that side of the house.

John had gone to the next town on some farm business, and I was calculating it time he should return. "What hour do you suppose it is, Betty?" I asked.

"It must be near nine," she replied, looking down the road, "for there comes the stage."

"Watch out that the driver doesn't forget to throw off our paper," I said, not turning from my bean vines.

"Why, he's going to stop!" exclaimed Betty in amazement, and sure enough the stage pulled up at our gate. A tall young man alighted and the stage drove on. Never having any visitors we stood in speechless surprise while he opened the gate and slowly, painfully, walked toward the house. He seemed to move with difficulty and leaned heavily on a cane.

"Lord save us!" whispered Betty, "but he looks more like a dead man than a livin' one."

"We must go in," I said, "and see who it is, and what he wants."

"He's dressed like a gentleman," said Betty, "it can't be no beggar."

"He may be a traveling clergyman," I suggested, "though it is strange he should come here. Perhaps he has made a mistake in the house. Hasten through the kitchen, Betty, and meet him at the front door."

While I was removing my sunbonnet and large apron in the kitchen Betty came bursting in like a whirlwind, her frizzly red hair bristling above a face pale with fright, and her eyes round with terror.

"He is in, sure, and layin' on the lounge," she gasped, "and he spake

niver a wurd, but just glared at me, and I think he 's dyin'—the crather!"

I pushed past her and entered the sitting room, full of perplexity and dismay.

I am not a nervous woman, but the sight of that stranger on my lounge, and the desperate gaze he fastened upon my eyes, rooted me to the spot. I could neither advance nor retreat, while the intense eyes glowed from their hollow caverns with an entreaty that moved my soul to strongest pity. Finding voice at last I inquired gently: "What is it? What can we do for you?"

I could see he was in mortal agony, and thought he wanted help. But no answer came. A convulsive shudder seized his frame, the cane dropped from his hand and rolled upon the floor.

It was an ebony cane with a peculiarly carved silver head. "Didn't I tell ye he was dyin'?" whispered Betty hoarsely over my shoulder. "How-ly Mother! What will we do wid him?"

Even as she spoke the convulsion ceased, and the tall form became rigid and motionless, while the gray hue of death settled rapidly over the pinched features. *We were alone with a corpse!*

"Run out to the stable and see if John has come," I said to Betty. But she replied excitedly: "I can see the barn plain through the windy, and he 's not there."

"Well, then, you will have to run to the village yourself and send somebody here at once. Get the undertaker," I said hurriedly. "This is a terrible position! Make all the haste you can, and I will go around to the front porch and wait your return."

"Shall I pick up the cane?" asked Betty, adding "Sure it has the devil's head."

"No, don't touch anything, but close the doors and hurry your best."

Saying which I left the room, trembling in every joint, and went around the house to the front piazza, where I watched Betty disappear down the street, counting the moments until I might reasonably expect her back

again. We lived about a quarter of a mile from the village, and I had time to exhaust every possible conjecture as to our strange guest before assistance could arrive. The only plausible theory was that the man had been taken ill while traveling, and, finding it impossible to proceed further, had sought relief at our door.

The air was intensely still. The hush of death was in the house. It seemed a long time that I waited there alone in the dread silence, sitting perfectly motionless, almost suspending my breathing lest any sound should escape me, holding every muscle tense with a nervous self-control. Yet it could not have been many minutes when I welcomed the sight of our village undertaker nearing the gate, for Betty had fortunately met him just leaving home in his buggy for a summons a few miles out in the country. He brought the coroner with him, and so glad was I to shift the responsibility of the awesome occupant of the house that I immediately breathed freer and was able to give a calm and accurate account of the morning's event. Directing them to the sitting room I lingered in the hall. Presently one of the men returned.

"You have made a mistake in the room," he said.

Without replying, I opened the door and crossed the threshold.

The lounge was vacant—the pillow unpressed!

Near the centre of the room stood the coroner, with a sarcastic grin on his countenance and an interrogation point in his eye.

My brain reeled with bewilderment, when Betty's voice from behind gave me moral and physical support.

"The saints save us! And has the corpse gone?"

"He probably wasn't as near dead as you thought," remarked the undertaker, good-naturedly for a man disappointed of a job.

"But he couldn't get out without my seeing him," I stammered, unable to believe the evidence of my senses.

"Probably not the front way," said the sarcastic coroner, "but there hap-

pens to be a back entrance, and a path across the fields."

We searched for footsteps, traces of any kind; but there was nothing to testify that the whole had not been an illusion except Betty's stout confidence in the actual occurrence. Had it not been for her earnest corroboration I might have been weak enough to own myself mistaken or a dupe to a disordered imagination.

The two men departed without saying much, yet leaving an impression that they had been victimized, which rendered me very uncomfortable.

As they passed out the gate John was entering, and they paused to speak a few words to him, accompanied by a low laugh that made my face flush angrily.

"Betty," I said impatiently, "how could that man have recovered sufficiently to run away in that short time?"

"Indade, thin, and he couldn't, for he was stone dead," Betty insisted. "Some one must have carried him off, and thin ye would have heard them. Was there e'er a stir at all?" And as I replied in the negative she gave a significant nod and sighed:

"Well, it 's beyant me intirely."

I spent the remainder of the day and part of the night in trying to reason out the possible clue to our strange visitor's uncanny departure, and finally concluded he must have been subject to those keen attacks, which probably passed off as suddenly as they occurred, and so had made his way out as soon as possible. He might even be afflicted with lunacy, that made him erratic and fearful of being imprisoned.

Positive as usual that the circumstance could be accounted for in some way, I had about dismissed the subject from my mind the following day and was busy with my flowers in the garden when John brought me a letter bearing a mourning seal. I opened it and read as follows:

MY DEAR AUNT—This morning at 9 o'clock my husband died. He made me promise to write at once and beg you to come to me, as I have no other

relative to whom I can apply, and am quite alone in the world with my two little girls. Perhaps you will be so kind as to help me arrange about our future. I am unable to write any more through exhaustion and grief.

YOUR AFFLICTED NIECE.

It was dated the previous day.

I went immediately to Betty, and told her to make ready to accompany me to my niece's home, as we should take the afternoon train; and accordingly John drove us to the station at 5 o'clock, and we reached our destination about two hours later.

I was gratified to find my niece like the Pinkhams in being self-contained and quiet, repressing all emotion, though she looked pale and much depressed, as was natural under the sad circumstances. The little girls were very like her in feature and manner, exceedingly well behaved and ladylike, and were put to bed about an hour after we arrived. We talked little that night, Betty and I retiring early, as was our custom when at home.

The funeral services were to be held the following afternoon. In the morning my niece, after speaking of her husband's overpowering anxiety just before his death that she should prevail upon me to come at once to her, took me in the darkened parlor where stood the casket containing his remains. As I approached it she drew aside one curtain, permitting a ray of light to fall directly on the face of the dead.

My heart gave one leap and then stood still.

"Call Betty," I said faintly, and groped for a chair.

My niece, in alarm, led me to a sofa and brought Betty in at once, who was quite frightened at the hasty summons and my unnerved appearance. I motioned her to the casket, and all unsuspectingly she went and looked at the still occupant. Amazement and incredulous horror stamped her face as she threw up both hands and staggered against the wall.

"Mary, Mother! 'Tis the same corpse, sure!" she gasped.

My niece stood looking from one to

the other in startled bewilderment and I controlled myself sufficiently to lead Betty from the room. In the hall she grasped my arm and pointed to the hat rack, whispering hoarsely:

"The cane with the devil's head, sure!" and, following her excited gesture with my eyes, I recognized the ebony cane with the antique silver mounting that had rolled nearly to my

feet on my sitting room floor two days previously.

All my powers of logic fail to explain this phenomenon. I do not pretend to understand it, but simply relate the circumstances as they occurred, and Betty will substantiate the statement.

However, I did not see fit to disregard the apparition, and have taken the widow and orphans under my protection.

SUE FULLER AYERS.

SHAD HERRIMAN.

IT was the last house on the road—Mrs. Treat's—a large white farmhouse, standing on a grassy hill, with the gable to the road, in the midst of a thousand acres of farm and woodland, all the property of the "rich widow Treat." Grass grew in the road for the last half mile before it reached the house, proving that the neighbors were not o'er fond of the widow, and beyond there were only the tracks where wheels had turned around, and then the road was lost in a grassy path that led, amid brambles and briar bushes, to the bars opening into the pasture. Beyond the pasture, in stately magnificence, stretched a black-green forest of giant pines, so tall, so mighty, it awed us in our childhood as we wandered amid the cones and gazed upward to their tops, hidden in the clouds, and so old it filled us with melancholy to contemplate the ages they had stood there sighing in their loneliness ere the foot of man trod beneath their boughs.

In front the blue Penobscot rolled, sparkling and glistening in the distance; between waved fields of grain and Indian corn, and tall rich grass, and beyond the glittering waters of the broad, swift-flowing river towered the everlasting granite hills of Maine, old Waldo foremost of the group—to the appreciative eye a lovely scene; and even the young barbarian swinging

lazily on the garden gate thought it "nice and pleasant," only "kinder lonesome."

The silence was fairly oppressive—at least to poor "Shad"—only the soft zephyr rustling the leaves of the maples and elms around the house and of the great cluster of rose bushes hard by the gate. In the house, Mrs. Treat, dread woman, was taking her afternoon nap; the men were in the fields at work; Mary Ann, the widow's middle-aged daughter who lived at home and did all the housework and got neither wages nor thanks, was out picking raspberries for preserves; Mrs. Treat's three grandchildren from Bangor, who were spending their vacation at the farm, were out in the woods gathering ferns, Poor Shad longed to go too, but she was not invited—she was only a bound girl—a little pauper whom Mrs. Treat had only that morning taken from the poorhouse to do the chores and to be converted into a "good Christian girl."

Shad's opinion of the widow Treat when she heard her talking to the overseer at the poor farm, was that she was "r'al clever." She had seen her at a distance many a time before and had always viewed her with wondering awe and respect, for the widow was a giant of a woman, six feet in height, weighed over two hundred pounds, and Sundays when she went to church she wore a long black velvet cape reaching

almost to the bottom of her dress, and great big furs and gold-bowed spectacles. Shad—her real name was Maria; she had been facetiously dubbed "Shad" in allusion to her surname, Herriman—Shad, when she heard the widow Treat talking to the overseer at the poor farm, thought that she would never have to work any more, that she was going to have all she wanted to eat, and that henceforth she was going to be her own judge as to whether she had eaten enough—that was her poor barbarian idea of being made "a good Christian girl." She therefore experienced no little satisfaction when, barefoot and in a calico dress and green gingham sun bonnet, she climbed into a seat on the floor of that good woman's comfortable chaise and found herself bowling over the road toward the clever widow's abode.

So she swung lazily back and forth on the gate and gazed idly around her till, suddenly, through the still air resounded a loud, angry female voice:

"Mariah!"

The little bound girl leaped down from the gate like a stricken deer. "Yes'm! I'm comin'," she answered, in alarm.

"What do you mean, swingin' on my garden gate?" cried the "clever" widow as the girl appeared before her.

"I—I—wasn't!" stammered Maria, cowering before her enraged mistress.

For a moment Mrs. Treat, good woman (she never told a lie in her life—excepting when she felt justified and pretty sure of not being found out), was powerless to express her horror and indignation at such barefaced, undaunted mendacity. She sank down into her big rocking chair and just looked at the poor little bound girl till she fairly quailed and was almost ready to run away; then, almost out of breath, she exclaimed:

"You bad, wicked girl! Do you know what happened to Ananias and Sapphira? They told a lie and the Lord struck them down dead!"

The girl stood with one dirty, bare, brown foot upon the other, her head hanging low upon her breast, her fingers nervously fidgeting with the

strings of the sun bonnet in her hand, but so long as the old lady confined herself to the story of Ananias and Sapphira and to a graphic portrayal of the fire and brimstone of their everlasting abode, it was comparatively easy to live through; but when the good, clever woman rose and locked all the doors and fastened the windows, the poor little bound girl eyed her with the greatest apprehension.

There was nothing of Spartan endurance in poor Shad, nothing of fortitude or heroism, or stoicism. She was all base, a poor, craven, cowardly thing, and unashamed of her weakness; so, when the old lady, with the determined look of a pitiless executioner, took down a wicked-looking horsewhip from over the clothes press, the girl, with a wild shriek of terror, sprang from door to door and window to window, mad with fear and frantic to escape.

It was a terrible thing to horsewhip such a frenzied child, but the old lady was resolute and unconquerable, and poor Shad was whipped first for lying, then for persisting in it, then for swinging on the garden gate, and, finally, for screaming and resisting her punishment; and by the time the flogging was over, the old lady, as she described it at the supper table that evening, "was all beat out."

"But I'll break her of lyin'," she said, "if I have to skin her alive."

The effect of the punishment on poor Shad was by no means so salutary as Mrs. Treat expected. The poor-farm discipline had never included the return of good for evil; and it was expecting too much of such vile human nature as hers to look for such magnanimity to grow up spontaneously in her poor savage heart. So far from making a good Christian girl of her, she went forth from the presence of her mistress thirsting for revenge; and her little greenish-gray eyes, gleaming with anger and fear, darted in every direction for something to destroy or deface. She went out behind the house and hurled big stones at the chickens till all the hens went to cackling and frightened her away; then

she took a knife and cut into the clapboarding as deeply as she could; presently she discovered a dead mouse in a trap, and stealing with it into the buttery she threw it into a pan of milk; and this was all the Christianity the old lady had thrashed into her so far.

But poor Shad's reasoning faculties were in a very low state of development, and whatever mischief she perpetrated was sure to be found out; and she was whipped unmercifully almost every day in the week. Besides this, as she was daily set at very hard work, and as she did not know how to do anything right, she enjoyed unparalleled opportunities for earning slaps, knocks, cuffs and good sound ratings. In revenge for these many wrongs and injuries, despite the certainty of detection and punishment, she put a handful of salt into the coffee one morning. Another time she put sand into the preserves, and finally she put rat poison into some mash the hired man had mixed for a steer he was fattening to kill. Then she slipped into Mrs. Treat's clothes press and ripped and slashed her precious velvet cape up the back.

The next morning a fine steer lay dead in his stall, and the self-same hour his afflicted owner found her valued cape ripped all the way up the back with jagged rents in several places, and she really and truly believed that the poor young heathen deserved nothing less than death, and she felt like being herself the executioner. In short, she really believed that she would actually be justified in murdering the poor little bound girl. Finally, however, Mary Ann, who seldom undertook to say her soul was her own, succeeded in raising a doubt in the mind of her august parent as to the expediency of taking the law into her own hands.

"A judge or jury might say, 'long's 'twasn't their steer or their velvet cape, that you hadn't ought to 'a' killed her. And anyhow," she continued, affecting to be as cruel and bloodthirsty as the old lady herself, "it would cost money to be tried."

These considerations triumphed, and

Shad was merely committed to the cellar to await the arrival of a constable. Mrs. Treat had resolved to send her to State prison. The girl slept in Belfast jail that night, but to Mrs. Treat's deep chagrin the judge sent her to the reform school instead of giving her a term in State prison, as the old lady so ardently desired.

Five years later there came a rap on Mrs. Treat's back door. The widow opened it with her arm in a sling. A girl in a Shaker bonnet and a calico dress, new and neatly made, stood before her.

"Mornin', Mis' Treat. I heerd, Mis' Treat, you'd broken your arm an' Mary Ann's down sick 'n' you's wantin' a girl," began the visitor humbly.

"Walk in," returned the old lady, studying her visitor's countenance thoughtfully. "Your face looks nat'ral, but I can't for the life o' me call your name. Set down."

"I thought, mebbe, you wouldn't know me," replied the girl, twisting the gingham strings of her bonnet diffidently as she accepted the proffered seat. "Mebbe you'll think I'm sarsy to put myself forred so, Mis' Treat. I didn't hardly expec' you'd recognize me, I've grown so. I s'pose you remember 'Shad'—my right name's Mariah Herriman."

"O, good Lord!" screamed the old lady, scanning the girl's face in affright.

"But I hain't no sech girl as I was when I were livin' here before," cried the girl quickly. "I wa'n't only a little girl, then, Mis' Treat," she pleaded. "I was terrible bad an' you done your best to make a good girl o' me, Mis' Treat. The best thing you ever done was to have me put in the reform school, Mis' Treat," she continued earnestly. "That was the makin' o' me, Mis' Treat. I know how to cook all kinds o' things now, Mis' Treat, an' I can make my own clo'es an' trim my own bunnets," she added, with pride. "I hope you'll take me, Mis' Treat. I'll do my best to please you, an' I kin nuss Mary Ann. I allers felt r'al grateful to you, Mis' Treat, for gittin' me put in the reform school.

Some folks would 'a' killed me for sech actions. But I didn't know no better then, Mis' Treat."

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated the old lady, at last, unable to conceal either her satisfaction or her amazement at the girl's expressions of gratitude. "I'm real glad you've turned out so well, Mariah, and I'm glad you see things in the right light. I'm sure I tried my best to make a good Christian girl o' you. You must recollect I didn't never spare the rod," she added, a little nervously, looking sharply at the girl to test the sincerity of her gratitude and the value of her reformation.

"Indeed, I do recollect, Mis' Treat," returned the girl with simple fervor. "You done your dooty by me, Mis' Treat, an' you hadn't ought to feel 's if there 's an'thin' on your consinence as fur 's I'm concerned. If 't hadn't 'a' ben fur you, Mis' Treat, I might 'a' come to the gallers. You was the makin' o' me, Mis' Treat, an' I sharn't never forget it."

"Well, I'm real pleased to hear you talk so, Mariah," returned the old lady with delight. "Where be you a-livin', now, Mariah?" she queried kindly.

"I'm a-workin' at 'Bijah Little's now, Mis' Treat. They hired me fur the hayin' season, but when I heerd you'd broken your arm an' Mary Ann was down sick abed and you was huntin' fur a girl, I axed Mis' Little to let me come over an' see if you'd 'cept o' me."

"Dew tell!" returned the old lady, her amazement increasing. "I hain't had a decent meal's victuals sence Mary Ann took her bed, and the men have to cook their own dinner. I'm all up in arms, an' I'd like to have you come, but I'm a-feared Mis' Little 'll be put out."

"No, Mis' Treat, Mis' Little she 's a good Christian woman. Says she to me, 'Ef you feel it your dooty to go to

Mis' Treat's, I hain't a-goin' to stan' in the way. She needs ye more 'n me.'"

"Well, I'm sure that 's real clever in Mis' Little. What wages has Mis' Little ben givin' ye?"

"Wall, Mis' Little, she 's ben givin' me nine shillin's a week, but I haint agoin' to ax fur no sech wages from you, Mis' Treat. I'll take jes' what you feel able to pay, Mis' Treat, an' thankful fur the charnce to show ye that I've got some gratitude about me, an' I'll be glad to git the charnce to show what it 's done fur me bein' sent to the reform school."

"Well, times is awful hard, an' the doctor's bill will be terrible. I dunno how I kin ever pay it. If you'll be willin' to take a dollar a week I dunno 's I kin do any better'n to try ye."

"Wall, I'm r'al thankful, Mis' Treat! Some would 'a' never overlooked the way I acted to their dyin' day, pisenin' that great big beef critter an' cuttin' up that costly velvet cape. I declare, I don't know how you kin overlook sech actions, Mis' Treat. It 's r'al Christian-like, an' ye needn't be in no hurry 'bout payin' me, Mis' Treat. I don't mind takin' my pay in lamb's wool. I kin knit it into sale stockings winter evenings, I guess."

"Well, I'm sure you're real clever," replied the old lady delightedly. "An' Mis' Little, she 's real clever, too. When kin ye come? I'm terribly up in arms and Mary Ann wants some gruel this minute."

"I'll stay now, Mis' Treat. I got on an old dress under this. I tole Mis' Little I 'spected ye'd be all up in arms, an' she said to stay then. So I'll stay now, an' to-night, after the work's done, I'll walk over to Mis' Little's an' git the rest o' my clo'es."

"Well, well," cried the old lady, unable to conceal her satisfaction, "I guess Mary Ann'll be tickled to death."

F. BEAN.

THE YELLOW GLOVES.

"YOU will have to cast lots for the new gown," said Mrs. Marbury with decision. "I cannot possibly spare the money for more than one, and even that one will not be elaborate."

The four pretty girls exchanged glances of dismay, and, contrary to usual custom, remained silent. Their fond mother regarded them with pardonable pride as four unusually perfect types of beauty grouped around her in attitudes of unstudied grace. She felt a thrill of satisfaction in being the mother of such a comely bevy, and a compassionate twinge for the plain girl who sat reading by a window, apparently in nowise concerned in the important discussion pending. At this juncture some one called, "Rhea, come here!" and the fifth and plain maiden joined the lovely four.

The eldest Miss Marbury extended some slips of paper she had been silently preparing, one being marked with a distinctive hieroglyphic.

"You must hold these, Rhea, so that there will be no cheating," she said.

"Who selects first?"

"I, as the eldest."

"But," protested Beatrice, "then I, as the youngest, must take what is left. Mamma, is that fair?"

Mrs. Marburg smiled at the dilemma of the youthful gamblers.

"I think," she said musingly, "that you would better all wear your white gowns, and each have new gloves and shoes."

After some demurring and inconsequent argument peculiar to femininity this last suggestion was sustained and accepted.

Rhea walked back to the window, and resumed her book. She was a legacy from Mrs. Marbury's only sister, who had married an impecunious violinist and died two or three years later, being survived only a few months by her husband. The girl had in-

herited her father's talent, and often awoke strange sweet melodies on his old violin, quite impromptu, for she never had a teacher.

Mrs. Marbury considered that she treated Rhea precisely as one of the family, and so she did in some ways. Yet in matters of dress and the cultivation of the fine arts it seemed so natural to adorn beauty, while absolute plainness could not possibly be disguised by artificial means. However, Rhea had a keenly artistic nature that aided her into transforming cast-off garments into more than their pristine elegance, and she could do wonders with a remnant of silk or velvet, while even a ribbon in her deft fingers straightway found an important mission.

When Mrs. Marbury returned from her shopping that afternoon it was with discontent upon her classic features.

"I am just one pair of gloves short," she announced with vexation. "My purse gave out and I could not do any more."

"But mamma!" the four rosebud mouths gasped.

"It cannot be helped. I bought the shoes first, thinking I had sufficient for the rest, but those long gloves are so expensive!"

This time Rhea was on the edge of the group, an interested listener. She enjoyed parties as much as anyone, and was especially fond of dancing. She danced very well indeed, and it was understood that there would be particularly fine music at this entertainment, given in welcome of the homecoming of Mayor Rothman's only son from an extended foreign tour.

"Well," said Eugenia, slowly, "we must manage somehow, for not one of us can afford to miss this affair. Guy Dudley says Roff is to cater and manage everything, since there is no woman at the head of the household."

"What fun!" exclaimed Beatrice, "no stiff proprieties and no grim mother or suspicious sister to observe our angling for the host."

"The 'host' will be old Mr. Rothman," corrected Gladys, the mentor.

"Very well, you may bag him, then, and leave me the son," laughed Beatrice, with many dimples.

"My daughters," checked the mother, "you forget the issue. Which one of you—"

"Can go barefoot? Oh no—it is not shoes, but gloves, that are lacking," jeered Beatrice. "Where is the miracle worker? Come, Rhea, to the rescue!"

"Aunt Julia," spoke Rhea quietly, "where are the yellow gloves?"

"The yellow gloves!"

All eyes turned upon her looks of withering derision.

"The yellow gloves have been condemned long ago," said Mrs. Marbury dejectedly.

"Let me see them once more, please," insisted Rhea in her sweet, low voice. "Tell me where to find them."

"In that long green box in my lowest bureau drawer," said Mrs. Marbury, briefly, by way of disposing easiest of a vexatious question.

These gloves had been brought from Paris by a friend, who must either have been color blind or else had purchased them at a reduced price on account of the obnoxious shade. Rank yellow they were, obtrusive yellow; a yellow distinctive and not to be harmonized with any known color; but they were of fine texture and exquisite finish and fit, reaching to the shoulder. Rhea took them from the hideous contrast of the green box and laid them on a white handkerchief. Then she tried successively a red sofa, a blue tile, and a brown rug for background. Finally she lifted her plaid gown and laid them against her black skirt.

"These gloves are not so bad!" she said.

"They are vile!" announced Beatrice.

"Oh!" sighed Eugenia, "take them away—they really make me ill."

"I shall wear them," said Rhea.

"You will be hissed!"

"They may appear better by gaslight," said Mrs. Marbury hopefully.

She was glad to have the difficulty solved so easily, and, anyway, what difference could it possibly make what gloves were worn by Rhea, poor child!

Then spoke Mignon:

"Let her alone! Trust Rhea for effect."

"Partners for the waltz!"

Barry Rothman glanced over the room to choose his partner.

"You will have to direct me, Dudley," he said to the friend at his elbow. "Really, I don't know one of these girls from another. Present me to a pretty one and a good dancer."

Guy Dudley hesitated.

"By far the best dancer here is Rhea Du Bois, but she is not pretty."

"Which one is Rhea Du Bois?"

"She is standing by the piano."

"By Jove! That girl in black with yellow gloves? Not pretty? Why, she is Paris! She's queen of the ball! Come on!"

Rhea had put by her white gown and made her black silk do duty for the occasion by divesting it of sleeves and cutting down the neck. She had goodly shoulders to expose, and somewhere she had found a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums.

Later, Beatrice whispered to one of her sisters:

"Do look at Rhea! She is actually monopolizing Mr. Rothman, and Guy Dudley does nothing but watch them, as though he were jealous."

"It is her dancing," replied the other. "But how much better those gloves look by gaslight!"

"Your step is perfect," Barry Rothman was saying as he whirled Rhea adroitly among the dancers, "and you have the airiness of a thistle. Where did you learn?"

"I must dance by instinct," answered the girl, with her sweet, low laugh, "for certainly I never had any lessons."

She was happy, and the light in her dark eyes and the flush in her cheeks, in conjunction with her chic appearance, caused her to attract many admiring glances.

As they paused a moment Guy Dudley stood suddenly beside them.

"Let me finish this waltz with Miss Du Bois," he begged.

"As Miss Du Bois pleases," answered Rothman, coldly, stepping back a little, but glancing alertly from one to the other. With Dudley's eyes pleading and her late partner almost scowling, Rhea scarcely knew which way to turn.

She said: "I am rather out of breath. I would better not finish this waltz."

As Mr. Dudley was accustomed to seeing her dance unflaggingly, he said, with some significance:

"It must be a new experience for you to lose breath in dancing."

Rhea was pained. And was he not her girlhood's trusty friend? Never mind this stranger's disapproval.

"You are right," she said frankly. "I was not speaking truly. Kindly excuse us, Mr. Rothman." And the yellow gloves floated down the room on Guy Dudley's black coat, while Barry Rothman stood watching them until the music ceased.

Gladys Marbury surveyed her white loveliness in a pier glass with a rueful smile.

Beatrice whispered swiftly in passing:

"Four snowdrops eclipsed by a dandelion!"

"That's it! We are so exactly of one pattern," murmured Gladys.

Mr. Rothman touched his son's arm.

"Barry, where are your eyes? I have not seen you notice our four beauties."

The other turned his head languidly.

"Have you reference to the four decided blondes in white?"

"Yes, the Misses Marbury. They are famed far and wide for their beauty."

"Well," said Barry, letting his gaze wander slowly about the room, "I have danced with two of them and promenaded with another; or it may have been the same one all along. I can't tell them apart."

"You can't! Well, then, I can; and since you are so indifferent I shall take the handsomest young lady to supper myself. There goes the march!"

The elder gentleman briskly sought

Eugenia, while Barry gave his arm to the girl nearest him, which, to her great delight, happened to be Beatrice. He found that she had very blue eyes and a witty tongue, and she rather amused him for a while. Then he began to wonder what had become of the girl of whom Dudley had robbed him, for she was nowhere visible. Her late partner was dispensing courtesies to several wallflowers, and, under pretense of going to his assistance, the young host excused himself and left Beatrice with some lively friends.

"She didn't come in," Dudley answered to his *sotto voce* question. "She never eats anything at this hour."

Barry then went immediately in quest of Rhea, and wandering through the deserted parlors came upon the yellow gloves, trailing their gorgeous length over a crimson chair back. As he paused a moment, the soft, distant strain of a violin smote his ear from the direction of the conservatory. Following the sound he noiselessly advanced toward the figure of a girl who stood in the farthest corner, where she had stolen to be as remote as possible from the ears of the gay revellers. Rhea had noticed the sweet tone of the leading violin and she yearned to hear it produce other strains than dance music. Seizing her opportunity, she had carried it to this retired spot and was giving her soul's imagination subdued utterance.

The full moon streamed a radiance through the windows upon her, silhouetting the graceful figure and making the bared arms and neck gleam snow white. A fountain tinkled near—rare exotics steeped the air in fragrance. Drawing as near as he dared without risking discovery, Barry Rothman sank on a low seat and listened with half-closed eyes in dreamy intoxication of delight at the Oriental scene. Gradually his senses became controlled, and when the girl dropped her arms with a soft sigh he was at her side, trembling with a new passion.

"Oh!" she cried, much startled, "I thought I was alone. How did you approach without my hearing you?"

He took the violin and bow from her unresisting hands and put them recklessly down on the nearest object, which happened to be one of the gardener's pet plants.

"You have moved me with a spell of enchantment," he said, "and I am not responsible for anything I may do while the charm lasts."

"Pray return to the company," begged Rhea, much nonplussed, "and let me replace this instrument where I found it."

"What!" Barry laughed in joyous scorn. "Go back to that when we have this? How absurd that would be!"

He stood very near, but did not touch her, and Rhea looking up into the magnetic eyes felt their irresistible power.

Dark eyes and a dimpled chin form a mischievous combination. These, allied to the *savoir faire* acquired by travel and experience, are an endowment of success in almost any encounter of social life.

Standing there in the moonlight's softening influence, these two regarded each other silently a moment. The environments of the place, the æsthetic effect of the surrounding fragrance-filled atmosphere, and the mellow half-light were doing what years of ordinary acquaintanceship would never accomplish.

"How very absurd that would be!" Barry repeated, leaning against the window and folding his arms. Smiling broadly, he still held her uplifted gaze. "Out of all this vast assembly," he continued, "I need only you. And," speaking slower, while his eyes deepened in intensity, "for a short moment you shall have only me."

Rhea could not remove her eyes from the hypnotic gaze bent upon them, nor did she answer, but her form swayed a little and she leaned her head against the window. This movement brought a still fuller envelopment of light to swathe her face, neck and arms.

"It seems to me," Barry continued, "that you are the one woman I have been searching the world for. The instant I touched your gloved hand I felt

that my quest had ceased. You remind me of the women of Paris, except that you possess that which I found lacking in every one of them. Parisians exert fascination, but do not win one's confidence." He paused a moment, but Rhea only regarded him dreamily, still leaning languorously against the illuminated window.

"Is it not strange," he said softly, "how one meets thousands of people with utmost indifference, and then suddenly becomes aware of keenest interest in an individual heretofore a stranger, aroused perhaps in the meeting of eyes or the touch of hands?"

He took one unresisting palm.

Rhea remained passive, while he slowly carried it to his lips.

"I believe I am hypnotizing you," he said, "and I would not do a thing so unfair. But ah! You have done yet more with me to-night."

As he removed his gaze Rhea gave a little quivering sigh and gently withdrew her hand.

"Let me go back," she almost whispered.

"First, I must have permission to call upon you to-morrow," he said, "or is that too soon?"

"Yes, it is too soon," replied the girl, reaching for the violin as one in a dream.

"Then the day after," he said, hurriedly, for portentous sounds from the distance reached his ear. "Give me that violin and come this way."

He led her to a door that opened on the rear of the hall near the staircase, and then made his own way through the parlors just as the musicians were returning. He sought the neglected Beatrice, with suave apologies, and brought the smiles back to her eyes by claiming the next dance. Rhea fled to the retirement of a dressing room, where later she was roused from the luxury of a delicious sleepy hollow by the voices of her cousins entering for their wraps.

"Where have you been all this time? Not here, surely! I have just had the loveliest waltz with Mr. Rothman, and he asked what had become of you. Isn't this a charming house! No end

to it! And yet how perfectly appointed." And so on.

Rhea donned her wraps in silence, never once glancing toward a mirror, and Guy Dudley handed her to the carriage. She winced unpleasantly when he clasped the hand lately pressed by another. He noticed the sensitive shrinking and marveled, observing also that her hands were bare.

Barry Rothman passed the remaining hours until dawn in the conservatory, smoking.

Afterward, as he sauntered through the parlors, a beam of day shot broadly through a window over a crimson

chair, where hung, now in tawdry yellow, the Paris gloves, bereft of the friendly gaslight, forlornly hopeless by the juxtaposition of the crimson plush.

Barry picked them up curiously.

"By Jove!" he said slowly, "a girl who could see possibilities in such gloves as these deserves a kingdom."

He walked the length of the room.

A crushed chrysanthemum of pale yellow lay at his feet. Stooping for it he regarded both trophies tenderly, then caressed the gloves against his cheek and pressed his lips to the flower.

"It is written!" he said.

LEONORA FIELD.

KEEPING THE COMMANDMENT.

THERE 'S a dainty little fairy
O'er the way,
She 's as fresh and sweet as lilacs
Are in May.

She has a charming window
Facing mine,
Half hidden in the embraces
Of a vine

Which clambers o'er the casement,
Rich in bloom,
And its roses waft their perfume
To my room.

But the rose has little beauty
To her face,
And the lily cannot rival
Her in grace.

As I sit beside my window,
Pond'ring long
Over all my life's past history,
Right and wrong,

There comes a sweet conviction
I am free
Of breaking one commandment—
More than free:

My neighbor 'mid the roses,
Little elf!
I am sure I *love you* BETTER
Than myself.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

A TEXAS STORY.

KENT'S funeral was not a large one. There were no chief mourners, not even close friends; for, though he was the associate of any and all—"hail-fellow-well-met" to the world at large—there was no man in that little Texas town who could lay just claim to intimacy with Cliff Kent.

The last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon the new-made grave, and the little group who had seen him laid in his last resting place turned away in a strange hush of regret and helpless pity—pity for the weakness which was his curse, and a sort of dumb reverence for the one devotion of his wasted life. Kent was essentially a man of might-have-beens. It was three years since he had come among them (he and Victor), for it was impossible to name Kent without his dog. Cliff and Vic, as they were called, were as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. Wherever Kent's slight, distinguished figure appeared the enormous mastiff was sure to be found in his wake—a magnificent specimen, who carried in his lambent yellow eyes, deeper in color as his emotions varied, a human intelligence and faithfulness. This was the one creature Kent clung to, drunk or sober; the one creature who questioned not of sins or virtues but gave him love for love in unstinted measure.

No one had heard Cliff speak of his family; no one quite knew where he came from. "Somewhar in the Ca'l-linas I reckon he was raised" was what they would say of him. The one part of his history he referred to unreservedly was his life as an actor. Indeed the glamour of his old calling was still traceable in that slight, expressive gesture of the hand when talking, and in the melodramatic periods of his editorials in the *Daily Meteor*, which lost him no credit with these hardy Westerners, who craved sensation and climax with all the keen appetite of a theatric temperament.

Ah! yes; the trials and triumphs of his stage career were dear to his heart, and the reflection of those happier days lent him an atmosphere which seemed to place him one remove from common clay, so that in one sense he remained an actor to the end. As the gray-haired editor was fond of saying with heavy emphasis:

"When Mr. Kent's at himself there ain't no finer gentleman this side of Mason and Dixon's line!"

Truth to tell, the evidences of gentle breeding, creeping through all the coarser and grosser elements of his life, lent him a grace which was instinctively felt by the roughest among his companions.

Poor Kent! He had struggled against his fatal love of drink till even the shadow of resolution should have fled abashed, as each succeeding effort wavered, stumbled and fell by the wayside, to add one more to his mountain of failures. Yet, regularly as each New Year dawned, Cliff started afresh, with a childlike confidence in his own strength that was heartbreaking.

"This time, boys, it's a sure go! Vic and I have had our last spree, and we're going to straighten up now for good."

And Kent would put his arm about the dog's neck and gaze down at him, while Vic pressed his great muzzle closer to his master's side and returned his look with one of unalterable devotion.

A few days at best, and it was the old story again! Kent, with haggard, unshaven face, disordered dress, his bloodshot eyes and shaking hands bearing all too obvious testimony to his condition, would mount the narrow stairs to the newspaper office. Making his way uncertainly to the rickety table that served him as a desk, he would feverishly dash off an article on the ingratitude of the human race, his hobby when the drink craze was upon him.

Victor, stretched at his feet, would patiently await his master's pleasure. At such times nothing would tempt the dog from Kent's side. The most savory morsel of cold lunch one of the boys might offer him was left untasted. Even the sight of the office cat, his sworn enemy, the chasing of which was Vic's one dissipation, failed to lure him from his post. Hungry, tired and worn he might be, he still was faithful.

Kent's last New Year was a notable one from the fact that, in addition to his annual reformation, he made a few calls—something he hadn't thought of for months. It had occurred to him that a good way to emphasize his recently assumed respectability would be to look up two or three ladies whom he knew. So, himself arrayed in his shabby best, a cape jessamine in his buttonhole, with Victor gorgeous in a new collar, he began his rounds.

At first he fought shy of those three or four houses where it had been announced, through the columns of the *Daily Meteor*, that a bevy of matrons and maids would dispense hospitality. But, as the day waned, his feeling of social ostracism died under the cordial greeting of these warm-hearted Westerners. It is even on record that at Mrs. Jack Britton's, one of the society queens of the town, Kent, in a burst of fervor, made a speech. Mrs. Britton afterwards described it as "the handsomest little talk she had ever listened to." It was in the refreshment room, where, by virtue of his new-made resolutions, Kent declined the champagne punch with a wave of his hand, and, filling a glass from a neighboring ice pitcher, pronounced these words:

"I pledge you, my friends, in water—its perfect purity a mirror of the souls of our sweethearts and wives; its sparkling beauty a counterpart of their loveliness—a loveliness the Great Giver bestows on all His choicest gifts; its unchanging color the symbol of their unchanging faith. And"—his tones tremulous with the force of his emotion—"as I quaff this health-giving nectar I register a sacred vow that henceforth and forever my voice shall

acclaim none other than God's liquor." He ended in a positive exaltation, and with the true spirit of the actor looked for the applause to follow.

A week later, one dark night, Kent, in the last stages of hopeless intoxication, was stumbling along, describing curves as he went, toward the office of the *Meteor*. Victor, with drooping head and lagging step, wearily kept pace. They were traversing the car track (for, as has become usual in Texan communities, the first show of enterprise had brought electric cars) when Kent lurched heavily forward, weakly strove to recover himself, and sank to the ground.

Lying there full across the track as he had fallen, the wretched man, his head pillowed on a sand heap, relapsed into drunken slumber. The dog, crouched at his side, mounted guard.

All at once a tingling vibration of the wires overhead became audible. Vic, on the alert in an instant, grasped its meaning as a glimmering light was seen in the distance. He sprang to his feet, pawed at Kent's arm, licked his face, emitting all the while a series of deep barks. All to no avail! Returning again and again to the onset as that approaching light grew bigger and bigger, the brave animal at last seized Kent's collar between his teeth and endeavored by main force to pull his master out of danger. Cliff fought him off with drunken fury and fell back into his old position. The car came thundering along the line.

Vic lifted his great head with a piteous howl, and, slowly stiffening himself, gave one last look at Kent's helpless figure. Then, with a desperate courage which no hero could have bettered, he bounded down the track to meet the advancing car, in a sublimity of devotion rushing on to death to save the man he loved.

The cries, the noise, the glare of the electric light partially roused Kent from his stupor. A little crowd had gathered about the body of the dog. Everybody knew Vic and instinctively looked around for his master. The motorman had seen and recognized the

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"I pledge you, my friends, in water—its perfect purity a mirror of the souls of our sweethearts and wives; its sparkling beauty a counterpart of their loveliness—a loveliness the Great Giver bestows on all His choicest gifts; its unchanging color the symbol of their unchanging faith. And"—his tones tremulous with the force of his emotion—"as I quaff this health-giving nectar I register a sacred vow that henceforth and forever my voice shall

acclaim none other than God's liquor." He ended in a positive exaltation, and with the true spirit of the actor looked for the applause to follow.

A week later, one dark night, Kent, in the last stages of hopeless intoxication, was stumbling along, describing curves as he went, toward the office of the *Meteor*. Victor, with drooping head and lagging step, wearily kept pace. They were traversing the car track (for, as has become usual in Texan communities, the first show of enterprise had brought electric cars) when Kent lurched heavily forward, weakly strove to recover himself, and sank to the ground.

Lying there full across the track as he had fallen, the wretched man, his head pillowed on a sand heap, relapsed into drunken slumber. The dog, crouched at his side, mounted guard.

All at once a tingling vibration of the wires overhead became audible. Vic, on the alert in an instant, grasped its meaning as a glimmering light was seen in the distance. He sprang to his feet, pawed at Kent's arm, licked his face, emitting all the while a series of deep barks. All to no avail! Returning again and again to the onset as that approaching light grew bigger and bigger, the brave animal at last seized Kent's collar between his teeth and endeavored by main force to pull his master out of danger. Cliff fought him off with drunken fury and fell back into his old position. The car came thundering along the line.

Vic lifted his great head with a piteous howl, and, slowly stiffening himself, gave one last look at Kent's helpless figure. Then, with a desperate courage which no hero could have bettered, he bounded down the track to meet the advancing car, in a sublimity of devotion rushing on to death to save the man he loved.

The cries, the noise, the glare of the electric light partially roused Kent from his stupor. A little crowd had gathered about the body of the dog. Everybody knew Vic and instinctively looked around for his master. The motorman had seen and recognized the

huge creature dashing toward him, but too late to avert the calamity.

It was soon explained. There in a miserable heap a stone's throw away lay the man for whom the dog had sacrificed his life. Two or three of the men lifted him to his feet, dazed and uncomprehending.

"Yer not worth such a fine dog as Victor," some one said.

"Vic—where's Vic?" asked Kent thickly.

"Killed!" answered the man, "and all to save your worthless neck."

That brought Kent to his senses.

They spared him little in the details. But when they saw him kneel beside

poor Victor, majestic even in death, and lay his head upon the dog's neck in a veritable agony, there was none who could look on unmoved.

At last Cliff rose, and, turning his white face to the group about him, "Boys," said he, "he died to teach me to be a man. I've proved I can't live one, but I have courage to end it."

He raised his hand suddenly, and they caught the gleam of a pistol barrel. But before anyone could spring forward to prevent he had sent a bullet through his brain, and master and dog, side by side had gone to their last account.

EMMA H. DE ZOUCHE.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

"GOOD-BYE, Miss Dora," he said, with a close pressure of the little hand he held, and tender regret in his eyes, "I hope it won't be long before we meet again; I know I shall be wretched until we do. Will you be happy without me?"

"I shall be very glad to see you again, Mr. Dalton," Dora said, with a rather uncertain little smile.

"I must hurry. Joe Davis is waiting for me down the road. I told him I wanted to say good-bye to my dear little girl quite alone. Good-bye, Dora; I will write to you as soon as I get to town." He pressed her hand to his lips fervently, and then, lifting his hat, walked rapidly away. Looking back after he had gone a few yards down the road he saw her lying on the grass, her face buried in her arms. He smiled to himself, coldly, triumphantly. "Another victim," he mused; "she will get over it, though, like the rest," with a cynical shrug of his handsome shoulders. A few minutes later he joined his friend, who awaited him with the buggy in which they were to go to the station.

If these two men were really friends it must have been the inevitable law of "unlike attracts" which drew them together, for never did any two people present a greater contrast.

"Archie Dalton," as he was familiarly called, was a typical society parasite; poor, yet gaining an entrance into the gayest circles for the sake of his handsome face and figure, his unlimited audacity, and his ability to dance a cotillon, go after ices in crowded rooms, and whisper honeyed words to the accompaniment of the tinkling waters in dimly lit conservatories.

Vain to an almost incredible degree, he was a flirt by nature, and by cultivation with him flirtation was an art, enjoyable, indeed, if the other party was equally skilled and entered into the contest as into a game of tennis, simply for pastime, with no especial wish for victory on either side; but more enjoyable if the girl were ignorant of the game and mistook the wretched travesty of love offered her for a true portrayal, giving her heart's best affection in return. Thus in the

short period of his vacation he made sad havoc in the hearts of village maidens, whose pure ideas of love were formed from the mother's gentle tale of the romance of her own girlhood, when "your father was the handsomest young man in the village," and the father's fond supplement, "You are like your mother, my daughter, but not so pretty by half; why, she was the prettiest girl in the State!"

Dalton's superficial character was limned in his face, in the bright, shifting black eye, the full, voluptuous lips, the weak, retreating chin.

Joseph Davis, on the other hand, was not handsome; that is, not in the striking style of his friend. He had a square-cut face, the large jaws, firm chin and set lips indicative of determination and strength, while the high forehead and clear, deep-set blue eyes denoted thought and well-balanced judgment, yet the expression of the face was of rare gentleness and sweetness. He looked at Archie Dalton strangely as the latter joined him. There was pain in his eyes and he was pale, but Archie did not see it.

"Little Dora is broken hearted," he said airily; "no doubt the sweet little thing will actually expect a letter from me. She is a dear little girl. If I were rich enough to give my heart free rein I don't know but that I might fall in love with Dora really, ridiculous as it sounds," and he laughed, and turned to his friend for an echo of his amusement.

But Davis looked grave. "What makes you think Dora Rollins is in love with you? Did she say so?" he asked.

"Oh! no, I did not ask her. One must be careful in one's affairs with these country girls; they take things so seriously there is always danger of trouble." In Davis' eyes there was cold contempt, but he kept his lips tightly compressed.

"Then what makes you so sure that Miss Rollins loves you?" he persisted.

Archie lit a cigarette. "Oh! she looked so pitiful when I told her good-bye, and when I looked back she was lying on the grass with her face hidden in her arms, crying over my departure,

of course. I told her you were waiting for me."

Davis looked queer. "But you haven't spent all your time with Miss Rollins since you have been here; isn't there another girl to whom you have paid court?"

"Oh! yes, Alice Ashford. She lives on the other side of the village, but she wasn't as nice as Dora. I didn't even take the trouble to bid her good-bye; fact is, I hardly ever do; I liked Dora. How have you spent your time, Davis? Do you leave any broken hearts behind you?"

"I hope not," Davis answered.

They went on to town; Dalton to his clerkship in a dry-goods store, Davis to his numerous clients, for he was already a lawyer of note, though not yet thirty. Davis did not stay in town more than a week before he was off again, no one knew where. Dalton was rejoicing in a number of invitations to fill odd places at fashionable dinner and card tables, but he was not altogether happy. The fair face of Dora Rollins, the sweet, grave lips, with their rare, bright smile, haunted him somehow, and as time went on he became less and less sure that Dora had been a conquest. The stinging thought that perhaps she might have been laughing at him obtruded itself once or twice, and all his vanity was not sufficient to keep it away. He had written to her three times, and had only had one dignified little note in return, and that had come only that day. "I will write to Dora to-morrow," he mused. "What an artful little minx she is! Of course she knows that her pretended indifference is the only thing that keeps up my interest in her. Who would have thought her so sly?"

The next day he met Joe Davis on the street.

"Hello, old fellow! Where have you been, and when did you get back?" he asked as the two shook hands.

"Got back last night," Davis replied, ignoring the first query; "how are you, old man?"

"Fine," Archie answered; "think I have but to propose to get an heiress for a wife," he smiled complacently.

"Is that so, old fellow? Who is the lady?" Davis asked.

"Isabel Banks," the other said, and in his brazen face there crept a little wandering flush of confusion, some stray vein that must have become separated from the calmly self-satisfied course of his blood.

"But—" Davis began.

"Oh! I know what you are going to say," the other interrupted; "that she is frightfully ugly, that insanity runs in the family, and that she is considered slightly imbecile. Well, what of it? Her fortune is enormous, and if she is weak in the upper story it will be easier for her husband to get control of the money. See?"

There was an air of braggadocio evidently assumed to cover his nervousness.

"No, I don't see," said Davis, sternly, "how any man of honor could bring himself to live on his wife's money."

"Oh! I thought you were going to get off that hero-of-the-novel sentiment about marrying a woman you don't love, while you do love another." There was an undisguised tremor in his tones this time.

"And do you love another?" asked Davis contemptuously.

"Yes—that is, no. I don't love another, but there is a certain little girl named Dora that I would love to distraction if she had half the money that Isabel has."

If Archie had been less wrapped up in himself he would have seen that Davis' face flushed angrily. He did not notice it, however, and there was no touch of wrath apparent in the calm tones of Davis when he next spoke.

"You have heard nothing of Miss Rollins since your return, I presume?"

"Oh, yes! I have had one prim little note from her, a veritable little trap of a note, so distant, yet so alluring."

"Ah! then you wrote to her, after all?" There was nothing but amusement in Davis' eyes now.

"Oh! yes, you see," with a very confidential air, "you see, I had some doubt about whether that conquest was

as complete as I thought, so I wanted to finish it, you know!"

"And is it finished?" Davis laughed outright.

"Very nearly," and Archie laughed, too; at last, he thought, his puritanical friend was beginning to see the fun in the game he played.

"Well, let me tell you something," Davis said, with sudden gravity, but with his eyes lowered, perhaps to shut out the sun which was shining in his face; "little Miss Rollins is the heiress of a fortune almost as large as Miss Banks'. I drew up the will of her rich old uncle to-day, in which he leaves her his entire estate, so—"

"Good-bye, Davis," Archie cried, breathlessly. "I'm much obliged to you, old fellow. I'll go right away and write and offer myself to her. Heavens! what luck!" and Archie hailed a passing car and was gone in a twinkling. Davis smiled a little sadly, and betook himself to call on Miss Ruth Rollins, the heiress, who was not in any way related to Dora; neither was she as pretty nor as bright, and Davis did not remain one second longer than his business with her demanded.

Archie went home and wrote a most impassioned appeal to Dora Rollins to marry him. About a week later he called on Davis at his rooms. He plunged at once into the subject which engrossed his attention.

"I have had a letter from Dora," he said, joyfully.

"Yes! What did she say?" Davis inquired.

"Oh, she said she would be here in about a month on a visit to a friend, that she would stop at this hotel, and that she would be delighted to have me call, and that if I were inclined to renew my suit she would give me my answer then."

"That sounds hopeful," Davis said.

"Hopeful? Why, I should say so! Of course that means that she is going to say yes; no doubt she takes a month so as to have all her things ready for an immediate marriage."

"No doubt," Davis said, and he laughed hilariously. Archie joined

him, and that caused Davis to laugh the more, till a friend came in from another room to see what the amusement was.

The days wore away, as days do. Archie was in a fever of expectation. About two weeks before the month was out Davis went away suddenly, and, as usual, saying nothing of his plans to anyone.

The date which Dora had named for her arrival in the city came at last, and in the evening Archie, faultlessly dressed, appeared at the hotel, and asked for Miss Rollins. She had given instructions that he was expected, and he was conducted to a cosy reception room on the second floor. Dora was there. Was it Dora? That stately maiden in the soft white silk seated gracefully before the fire, toying with a fan of long white ostrich plumes! Yes, it was Dora. She rose to welcome him with the old, bright smile in her brown eyes, and a gentleman who had

been sitting a little in the shadow came forward also. It was Davis. Archie was indignant. How dared Davis be so presumptuous as to come here to-night, when he knew that he (Archie) was coming for Dora to accept him as her future husband? Was he after her money, too?

"Ah! Archie, so glad to see you," Davis said—what business had he to say that, Archie wondered; he did not come here to see him—"you must let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Joseph Davis, none other than your old friend Dora Rollins."

Archie stared a moment, speechless, then turned and hurriedly left the hotel.

"I wonder," said Davis to his wife, "if I have taught him anything?"

"Yes," said Dora, "unless he finds out that I and Miss Rollins the heiress are two distinct people. If he ever finds that out he will only thank fortune for his narrow escape."

ELISE CROCKETT ELLIS.

THE MAGIC BREASTPIN.

WHEN I saw that it was likely to rain all day I determined to visit my friend Azral, who keeps the vertu shop on Wardour street. I had several holidays on hand and knew of no more delightful way of spending an idle hour than in looking over old Azral's collection of vertu, which had a great fascination for me. The old man, who, had taken quite a fancy to me—probably because I could appreciate his love for the bizarre and antique—and even became quite chatty at times, was a venerable Hebrew who boasted descent from David. Contrary to the traditional characteristics of his race, he was frank and open-handed—I had found him even generous.

A fine old fellow he was, tall, majestic, with a long white beard sweeping his breast; stately and slow in speech, polite, but not cringing, with that self-respecting courtesy which Dickens

gives us in Riah, the "Godmother." I cannot say why, but he was my mind picture of Aaron—he had a sort of silent eloquence about him. Without kith or kin he lived in the love of his relics, his children he called them. And a rare and exquisite, but decidedly diversified, family he had.

The shop, which was wedged in between a jeweler's on one hand and a second-hand book dealer's on the other, was narrow and low, but extended back some distance. On shelves in the walls, on tables, in drawers were spread the objects of his passion in the most enchanting disregard for the conventional modes of arrangement. Here a shelf of old Dutch faience showed stout burgomasters in blue and yellow. Next was a shelf from which gleamed arms and cutlery, swords, real Damascus blades, of so magnificent a temper as to admit of

being bent in a circle. Here was a bureau drawer full of exquisite ivory carvings, crucifixes and amulets of rich and varied workmanship side by side with diminutive Persian narghilehs and squat Chinese josses. In the next was agate from Japanese lapidaria, along with wood fretwork from Geneva and jet from Cornwall. Here hung a painting of Cimabue, here one of Guido, there one of Benjamin West.

There, on a table whose top was inlaid with the most beautiful mosaic representation of the death of Beatrice Cenci, were a couple of mezzotints of Turner, and two or three quaint shepherds and shepherdesses in Dresden china. Here was a genuine Stradivarius violin surrounded by Moorish filigree jewelry and Japanese cloisonné. Over there lay violins—here an Amati, there a Jacobus Steiner. On one table was a medley of curious art, the quintessence of an *outré* imagination—cameos, very small miniatures, work in enamel, vases of Bohemian glass, coins, medals, jewelry in profusion, rare and perfumed woods. On one side he had arranged books—La Marck's "Translation of Species" hand in glove with Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Directorium Inquisitorium" right next to Morris' "Earthly Paradise."

To examine such a curiosity shop was my delight, and I often resorted there. He had lately bought a stock of Moorish jewelry, and asked me to examine it. I eagerly complied, and while looking it over saw a curious breastpin that immediately attracted my attention. A delicate, little golden heart held together two swords crossed. The swords were each about 3 inches long, one a Scotch claymore of pure green gold, the basket hilt of the most beautiful lace-like arabesque tracery of gold interwoven with silver. At the end of the handle sparkled a tiny topaz, scintillating like an imprisoned sunbeam. The other was an Eastern scimeter, with broad, slightly curving blade and an edge of some white metal, possibly silver. At the crosspiece of the handle there was a ruby, and at each end of the crosspiece a diamond of the purest water. The

heart bore two inscriptions, one in Arabic and one in Latin.

The Latin was "Gladii duo, cor unum." The whole thing had a rich exotic look about it that stimulated my curiosity. I asked my venerable friend if I might buy it.

"No," he said slowly—"no, that is not for sale; but if you like it I will tell you its history."

I replied that nothing would please me better.

"That breastpin," said he, "is a trust confided to me. Last year I was in the Holy Land with my mother, in Jerusalem. Once on a journey to visit my kinsman, Javan, at Damascus, I came upon a poor Turk half dead by the wayside. He had been attacked and beaten by robbers so that he was dying. I got off my beast, and went to him and tried to lift him up. He attempted to speak. Bending close, I caught the question in Arabic:

"'Art thou a Jew?'"

"'I am.'"

"'I had some faint hope that thou wert a Christian, a European, perchance an Englishman.'"

"'I live in England, in London,' I said.

"The dying man clasped his hands. 'Allah is good,' he whispered. 'Do thou lift my head up. I have a trust. I will confide it to thee.' Here his breath came thick and I could scarcely hear the words. 'My father—made me promise—to get this—to—James—called Thurs—by—Lon—it—nay, by the beard of the Prophet, I will tell thee,' he cried, starting up, 'it is—' but the spark of life was almost out. It flickered, and he had only strength to put his hand into his bosom and partly drew it forth again when death began to glaze his eyes. 'Allah Akbar!' he murmured faintly, and the spark went out.

"He had taken from his breast that jewel; the parchment around it said: 'James Thursby, Singleton Cross, London, England,' and I must deliver it to James Thursby." The old man paused.

"My wife's father was James Thursby!" I exclaimed, excitedly. "He has

been dead these ten years, and Singleton Cross is our home."

"Then if thou art really his relative thou hast been blest of fortune. Mine eyes would rejoice to behold thy wife."

The next day I brought my wife with me to see the venerable Hebrew.

"Daughter," said he, after we had presented indisputable proof of our connection to James Thursby, and given documentary evidence of my wife's genealogy—for the old man, friendly as he had been, was cautious about giving up his trust, and in that he was, of course, justifiable—"and so, my daughter, thy sire was James Thursby. Then I have fulfilled my trust," and he handed her the beautiful jewel.

Once at home we were all burning with eagerness to examine it more closely. I held it up to the light. As I did so the handle of the scimitar pressed against my hand, and click—the swords uncrossed. They had been set at an angle of about twenty degrees, and now they were at right angles. I was astonished, perplexed. I tried to get them back to their original position, but they were firm. What did it mean? I turned the pin around in every conceivable way, pressed every part for secret springs, but no solution of the puzzle offered itself. Much disappointed I laid it down, and my wife took it and began to examine it.

In picking it up the point of the claymore pressed against the table, and her finger rested on the hilt of the scimitar. Immediately there was a click as before, but—*mirabile dictu!*—the jewel did not assume its original form, but the scimitar opened like a box split lengthwise. That is, there were now two scimitars precisely alike, each one half as thick as the first one, joined by a most perfect but entirely invisible hinge, and inside was a tiny piece of very, very fine parchment.

Trembling with eagerness I opened the parchment. Ha!—something written, but in Arabic. What a shame! But, no; I would show it to my friend the Jew. He would interpret it for me.

I looked longingly at the claymore

and tried to open it. I set its point on the table and pressed its hilt. No result! Then I remembered that when the scimitar opened the point of the sword touched the table, and my wife pressed the hilt of the former weapon. I believed I had found the secret. Setting the point of the Saracen weapon on the table, I touched the basket hilt of the tiny claymore. Magic! Open flew the sword. In it was a paper or parchment like the other, but—triumph!—in English. And this is what it said (I had to use a magnifying glass to read it):

"In the Name of God. Amen!" Then followed the regular legal formula of an English will, bequeathing to James Thursby or his heirs the sum of £90,000 sterling, to be found deposited in the Bank of England. It was signed "Noureddin Aga," and witnessed with long Turkish names. Then followed the name of a prominent London business house as agent of Noureddin, and in whose name the deposit had been made. To say that I was utterly dumbfounded is to put it very mildly indeed. It read so much like a fairy tale that I almost looked to see the pin take wings and fly off. As for my wife, she acted as though she was bewitched. We sat staring at each other in silence. She was the first to speak.

"Stephen," she said, "I think—" but here there came a voice from the door. "Where 's Sue?" it said, and my wife's elder half-brother appeared. No sooner, however, had he glanced at the table than he stopped short and cried excitedly, "Where did you get that?"

"We are just recovering from the surprise it gave us," said I, laughing. "Look at it."

But he had it in his hand before I had spoken, saying as he picked it up, "This is worth a fortune to you."

I looked at Sue in surprise.

"What is it, Arthur?" she asked eagerly. "Tell us about it; we don't understand."

"As I thought," he said, as he scanned the document in English.

"Arthur," said his sister, fretfully,

"how can you keep us in such suspense?"

"Well," replied Arthur, "it's rather a long story, but you shall have it as I got it from your father. The Thursbys, you know, are a very old family. They date back further than the Conquest. The Jarl Malise Thursbigh, for so it was originally spelled, is said to have been a Norwegian, who came to Scotland some time about the year 1000 A. D. His grandson Magnus was a knight in the First Crusade. He fought under Hugh of Vermandois at the battle of Antioch. During a desperate charge Magnus' heavy Norman horse stepped on a wounded Turk and crushed his foot.

"In the heat of battle Magnus could not stop for one man, though he did remark the noble countenance of the Moslem over whom he had ridden. But after the Turks had been driven back, and he, like a true knight, was caring for the wounded scattered over the plain, he came across this same man. Magnus cared for him, nursed him tenderly, and they struck up quite a friendship. Nouredin, the Turk, was a man of affluence and nobility of character. Before they separated they exchanged weapons, Nouredin taking Magnus' heavy Scotch claymore,

and Magnus the scimeter of the Moslem.

"They met again at Ascalon, this time Magnus being a prisoner. The chivalrous Mussulman treated him like a prince and had two jeweled breastpins made by a Damascene artisan, showing a sword crossing a scimeter over a heart of gold. Each took one as a keepsake, and solemnly swore—a strange compact it was—that when the male line of either failed all the earthly possessions of that house should go to the last surviving member of the other's family. Where did you get this?" I explained to him all I knew of it.

"I see," he said, "the Turk must have been the last of his house. I have no doubt he had all his property arranged in this way by bank deposit, in accordance with the oath of his ancestor made eight hundred years before."

There is nothing more to be said except that I went to the bank, and found everything all correct, and my wife heiress to £90,000. My old friend the virtuoso I did not forget, but made him a present of the next stock of curiosities I came across. As for the pin, it is guarded with great care and veneration, and brought out only on state occasions. L. E. VAN NORMAN.



SOME EXPERIENCES OF A FICTION WRITER.

THE process of mind by which a complex invention like a watch, the typewriter, or the sewing machine, is evolved is not more unaccountable to the non-inventive intellect than the construction of fiction to the unimaginative. I once overheard a young farmer discussing me behind my back.

"What!" he exclaimed, "does she write stories to be printed? And make 'em up herself! What! Out of her own head? Doesn't she have to copy 'em out of the papers?"

Yet if they were in the papers somebody must have written them; but the stumbling block with this young man was the humanity of the individual under discussion—a summer boarder requiring three meals a day. To a distant, invisible, unknown somebody, whose humanity was not in evidence, everything was possible.

At the seashore one rainy day an elderly lady borrowed of me a copy of a novel which I had published some years before, and during the course of the afternoon she visited me every half hour to inquire excitedly how I came to think of certain incidents in the story. I had entirely forgotten, which amazed her more than the thinking up of the incidents in question. At last she returned, her eyes glittering with suspicion. She had found a page from her own private life! Some friend of hers must have communicated the facts, and I am sure my denials only strengthened her suspicions, so superhuman did she regard its invention; yet in a long life of novel reading this was the first time that she had read a story with any thought as to its evolution from the human brain. That her mind turned in this direction now was, of course, due to finding herself under the same roof with the ordinary human person who wrote it, and, perhaps, also to a deep-seated prejudice against any admission, even in her own secret soul,

that all men are not created intellectually equal and alike.

One day I received a call from a young lady who told me she resided in the same block and that she had read my books, being incited thereto by seeing me pass her house. She had called, she said, to learn, if possible, something more about the people in the books. She seemed pervaded with a belief in their reality, which was intensified, no doubt, by having beheld their creator, whom she regarded merely as their biographer, and she thought I must know a great deal more about them than I had seen fit to divulge in the printed pages. She was very much in love with certain persons in the books and "half wild" to know everything that I could possibly reveal.

The people most impressed with the reality of a story are, of course, those who are the least aware of the art that produced it or that literary skill was involved in bringing them to such a state of mind as this young woman exhibited; and I have always felt more desirous of keeping up the illusion, even in a personal encounter with my readers, than of taking to myself any credit for creating it; but I could defend myself on this occasion from an unprofitable mental effort only by assuring the young lady that those people were "all imagination," at which, after inquiring anxiously and incredulously if I meant to include this one and that one and receiving an affirmative reply, she shed tears.

"I can't bear to think they don't live," she said. "Oh, I wish I hadn't called."

Another lady, similarly affected, once told me after reading one of my stories that she was sorry she knew me, as it dispelled the pleasing illusion that the story was true.

The question "Is this story true?" seems to be one that would be propounded only by the simple and un-

learned or those far removed from literary circles; yet I have heard it in the editorial rooms of the leading magazines.

Some very amusing questions are asked about the fiction business by people in all stations of life. A servant girl once said to me: "Do you write what you know or what you think?"—a very complicated inquiry, and anything approaching an adequate response would have involved not less than a day of profound mental labor whose result must have staggered the intellect of the interrogator.

It is wonderful how many people want an author to "put them in a book"—as a hero, if possible, even caricatured, rather than not put in at all; and a match to this is the desire to have one's history, or some portion of it, made the foundation of a story. Shortly after the publication of one of my books I had occasion to call at the office of a well-known gentleman who boasts of being a self-made man. He received me with marked hauteur and a great ostentation of offended dignity. Observing that I was determined to ignore his evident grievance he said:

"I find you have grossly libeled me in your new book."

When he learned that the book was completed before I became acquainted with him his disappointment was too acute for concealment, and before I left him he had proposed that I should make him the central character of a new novel, and he was willing to be "picked all to pieces."

"Make fun of me as much as you like!" he said. "I don't care if you libel me!"

This mild form of madness is not confined to any class or rank, but attacks those whose history is commonplace and tame, as well as those whose lives have been unique and tragic.

I was sitting on an upturned boat at Long Branch one day some years ago, when I was approached by a tall, awkward fellow with a very plebeian countenance. He carried a whip and bore the general appearance of a hackman, which he proved to be. He addressed

me bashfully, saying he had heard I was "an authoress," and he had long desired to have the history of his life, which, he claimed, was very peculiar, written up in the form of a story. He wanted to know if I had heard of a certain young woman who had figured in a celebrated case tried a few years previous.

"Well, I'm her long-lost brother!" he exclaimed. "She's my long-lost sister!"

The story, however, though remarkable as a record of actual fact, and sufficiently entertaining to make a newspaper item, was too trite and conventional for use as fiction, being an account of the separation of two children by adoption from an orphan asylum and their reunion in after years through the publicity of a trial in court.

"But it's just like what you read about in the story papers, and it's true, too," cried the disappointed young man, urging an argument used by people in higher stations and of greater intelligence, ignorant of the fact that because the plot and incidents have been used before, and are a part of the stock in trade of the hack writer, they are valueless to a writer who aspires to a place in literature. Now this young man and his "long lost sister" could spend the rest of their days entertaining their friends with their story and could not fail to find interested listeners, provided they related it to each but once apiece; the truth of the tale, its resemblance to the complicated emanations of a romance writer's brain, and acquaintance and propinquity with its chief actors being the circumstances that endowed it with the elements of the marvelous and extraordinary; but introduced into fiction it would sink to the level of the veriest trash.

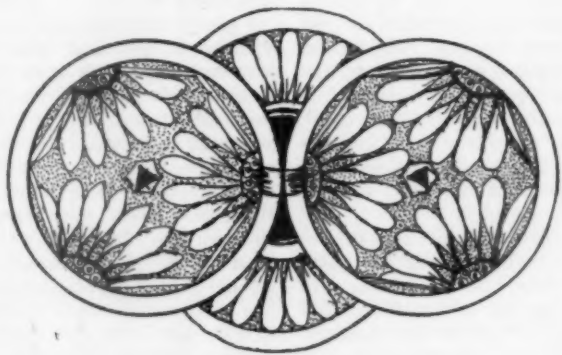
The wearisome old saw "Truth is stranger than fiction" has always been a bore of a remark to me. It must have been born in those primitive days of literature when fiction was wild and improbable. In this age harrowing tales in which all the family drop dead and there is no one left to inherit the property are interesting only as narratives of fact, but translated to the

realms of fiction become a farce; for fact is the more interesting as it is unusual, unexpected, or even incredible, while fiction must faithfully portray the probable world and the believable people in it, not the monstrous and unusual. People do not flock to a museum to see a common, everyday dog. It takes a two-headed dog to attract a crowd; but what would be said of an artist who paints the picture of a dog with two heads?

There are people who believe that their wonderful true stories are worth money to a novel writer. A lady who had given me an account of some lamentable accidents that had befallen a neighbor of hers thought she ought to share in the profits of the pathetic novel which she doubted not I could found upon the incidents. But a bald string of facts is not a story in a literary sense any more than an artist's model is a painting. The value of the canvas will depend upon the hand that

holds the brush, and the quality of the story depends upon the hand that wields the pen. This is far from being generally understood. I once heard a publisher, speaking of a writer who had embodied some of his own adventures in his book, declare that a story so constructed was not original. Yet the truth is that to elevate real incidents to the realms of romance, to divest the mind of the unpoetic features and attributes of hard facts and of living people, to wrap around with the atmosphere of sentiment those in whom the rest of the world see nothing but the cold, sordid and commonplace, the disagreeable even, to so depict an actual scene or dialogue as to arouse not only interest but sympathy, indignation perhaps, or tears, where had the reader been present at the actual occurrence he would have remained unaffected, is really a work that can be achieved only by the aid of genius.

MRS. F. B. CERRERE.



CURRENT COMMENT.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF EDUCATION.

IN striving to incite the young to study it may be necessary to arouse their contempt for ignorance; nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that there are some very worthy people in this world who know nothing beyond the three "R's," and not much of these, but who have accomplished, in spite of their ignorance of science, literature and languages, more than the sons and daughters they have educated to look down upon them. I know a Vassar graduate who owes her education and all she is to an illiterate mother who, by severe self-denial and privation and by hard work in the humble occupation of keeping summer boarders in the country, succeeded in paying her daughter's expenses through college and in maintaining her till she married a gentleman her equal in attainments. But in making a lady of her the mother lost a daughter. That Vassar graduate not only seldom pays her mother a visit, but does not encourage that mother in visiting her or conceal from her that she cannot come down to her level or that of her associates.

"But," says the mother, heroically, "I don't care. I am repaid enough when I see what a lady she is. Nobody can look down on her. I don't ask her to be grateful."

Now I regard that mother, in her sublime affection for her daughter, as a nobler being than the daughter, with all her learning. In my opinion, filial affection and gratitude for benefits conferred at such a sacrifice of ease and comfort would ennoble her more than Latin, chemistry and mathematics. Yet we talk of the civilizing influence of education, ignoring the brutalizing effect of this species of aristocracy that it develops.

When we contemplate the relative status of this Vassar girl and her

mother, we cannot fail to perceive that education has become, in this country, the badge of aristocracy. Education is sought by the illiterate for their children, not for the ennoblement of mind and refinement of manners that it works, or even for the strengthening of the understanding—for of this only its possessors can know—but for the visible, material advantages which its possession seems to secure. The horny-handed man of toil perceives that educated people wear smart clothes, maintain white hands, and appear to obtain their livelihood with ease and sometimes with honor. A position in a school, a clerkship, office work, any professional occupation, the laboring classes regard as a "soft thing." It is not for them, but they resolve that their children shall fare better—perhaps for their children's own sake, perhaps that they, the parents, may in the future benefit from their children's advantages. It is, then, to secure an easier and more lucrative and pride-satisfying means of subsistence, and for the greater dignity that education visibly confers, and seldom from any idea on the part of such parents of the intellectual joys of knowledge, that our public schools and free colleges are well attended. If there is any other reason it is the fond hope of making their children the equal of those who look with contempt upon themselves. In other words, the great modern thirst for knowledge which is developing everywhere, not only among the Caucasian race but among the blacks and the red men, is really a reaching after a higher social plane and greater emoluments—for the establishment of that equality proclaimed by our Declaration of Independence, and which that Declaration in and of itself fails to maintain. Yet it is not contended that a higher than a mere cash value is not put upon education by those who have attained it. The

very possession of the genuine article insures its true valuation by its possessor.

The effect of education which the illiterate parent observes in his children confirms his belief in its essential aristocracy. As the child grows in scholastic knowledge he looks with contempt upon the ignorance from which he has emerged; he scorns the companionship of the illiterate, shuns his parents and their associates, and, in the gradual expansion of his intellectual faculties and the absorption of his mind with higher thoughts than the groveling concerns of material life, he develops a distaste for manual employments and for all forms of the monotonous drudgery of his parents and seeks in every way to escape them; and the parent, perceiving the effect without understanding the cause, is confirmed in his belief that this incomprehensible thing, education, confers aristocracy upon the most plebeian more surely than letters patent; and the "looking down" of the educated upon the illiterate is regarded as the contempt of soft hands and smart clothes for the crooked fingers and humble attire of the laborer. The real reason for the repugnance of the educated for the society of the illiterate the latter, in the nature of the case, can never know. It is unfortunate that parents who have sacrificed much to afford the opportunity of education to their children should not understand the true nature of the gulf between them. Hard and remediless as is the truth, the false presumption that it always and inevitably arises from aristocratic contempt is harder.

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MEDITATIONS IN GRACE CHURCH.

The other day I went into Grace Church and walked all around. There was not a human being about. Everything within the church is left open and unguarded, with not even a watchdog upon the premises. I suppose the all-seeing Eye is police enough for a church. Everything lies around loose, though I did not come across any money; but you can help yourself to

hymn books and prayer books in any quantity, and with the added satisfaction that only God sees you and that it will not get into the newspapers.

I experienced a very novel sensation at finding myself alone, with not even a policeman to watch me, in the midst of such opulence and splendor. The confidence and trust reposed in me fairly abashed me. I was almost afraid of becoming a kleptomaniac, like the people who steal the soap in the toilet room at Macy's. I could have carried off anything I chose. In the school-room I saw a fine large organ which I wanted very much, but I was too honest to take it. I walked, solitary and alone, with noiseless tread, through all the aisles, feeling like a footpad, and kept close watch on myself to see if I annexed anything; but I emerged unscathed from the frightful ordeal and went forth as poor as I entered.

The interior of Grace Church is such that the pews in the side aisles face the ends of those in the centre, the former running sideways to the pulpit, so that the humbler worshippers in this part of the edifice must turn their heads to face the preacher, and a man with a stiff neck would be unable to look upon him at all. The little silver plates upon the doors show that the wealthiest and most distinguished of the pew-holders occupy the centre, and this started me to thinking about the little bugs in the side aisles, sitting all through service gazing with reverence and adoration upon the big bugs, while the big bugs gaze upon the holy man in the pulpit. In short, it looked to me as if the little bugs went to church to worship the big bugs, while the big bugs are worshipping God.

I observed, as I looked the church over, that in nearly all the pews the hymn books and prayer books are at the service or mercy of him who wills to enter there, and I felt it almost a personal tribute to my honor and integrity; but in something like seven or eight of the pews a neat walnut slab or door, securely locked across a portion of the bookshelf, indicated that perfect and universal faith in mankind was not a part of its owner's creed. Among

these, I was grieved to see, was Bishop Potter, while Governor Morton, Lispenard Stewart, and ex-Secretary Whitney share their prayer books with all the world. To be sure, the Governor and ex-Secretary are not reckless in their expenditures in this direction, and he who steals these volumes from either steals trash so far as intrinsic worth goes. Senator Stewart is more luxurious, his books being bound in morocco, printed on the best of paper, and will bend without breaking, and the proceeds of their sale would doubtless provide some hungry prowler a breakfast and perhaps a dinner and night's lodging; but though not chained to the pew, they are safe, for the senator's name is gilded in big letters on each cover. I felt grateful to him, however, for not locking them up, since he thus proclaims his democratic principles in sharing them with the common herd. He has certainly won my vote if I am ever blessed with the opportunity to cast it for him. Exactly on the opposite side of the aisle the late Ward McAllister I found among the few exclusives, the locked shelf stretching nearly across the pew, though there was ample provision, as in the others where the lock was turned, of inexpensive books for the stranger who comes hither to worship God—and millionaires.

But it is to afford the public an opportunity to enjoy the wonders and beauties of art displayed in their stained glass windows that Grace Church stands open. It is certainly very fine from an artistic standpoint, but I cannot help thinking it all a species of idolatry. I am very sure some poor, shivering wretch, out of a job, entering there on a bitter cold winter's day, would wish he could carry off a pane or two—some Christ or Virgin Mary—to sell for cash to buy a breakfast. And, by the way, I wonder if Christ would mind? He was so good to the poor himself, I believe he would pardon the sacrilege even though the Grace Church people or the police would not.

After I had meandered all about and taken mental note of everything visi-

ble, I seated myself in first one pew and then another, and gave myself up to the consideration of what I would do with my money were I the person whose name plate was upon the door. I sat in ex-Secretary Whitney's pew ten minutes and spent all his money. I ran through with Lispenard Stewart's fortune in about the same time. I then entered the pew in front whereon is writ the illustrious name of our good Governor, Levi P. Morton. It took me a full half hour to spend the Governor's money; but I vacated the seat happier in the blissful consciousness of having done a great good and conferred lasting benefits upon mankind. I went from pew to pew, adding the wealth of each holder to my possessions till I became the richest inhabitant of this part of the globe; and now, a plutocrat, I am considering what I shall do with my money.

* * *

GOOD MANNERS.

There are people in this world more anxious to be polite than to be good. Indeed, I will venture to say that there are more people concerned about rules of etiquette, "good form," and high-bred courtesy, than about their soul's salvation; and yet these same people, after supplying themselves with all the available literature poured from the press on the proper way to behave, and after having pondered over pages upon pages on the subject of cards, calls, visits and receptions, conduct themselves like bores every hour of their lives.

The trouble is, it demands a heart as well as a head to be really and truly courteous. A man or woman with a head—that is, sound judgment—may possibly be able to dispense with a heart. What avails it to study up "manners" in a book to find out that you should never pick your teeth with a fork if you know no better than to attempt to shine as a wit by the utterance of some brutal repartee or some boorish, unmanly and unmannerly retort? Some people who pride themselves on their knowledge of table etiquette, or

the etiquette of balls and receptions, put themselves every hour on a level with the lowest vulgarian in their efforts to display what they regard as their wit. A jest, repartee, or retort that humiliates or disconcerts another is coarse and brutal. Consider the class of people who speak without regard to result and you may discern the character of the repartee that insults. Here is a sample of the retort reckless.

A lady looking at rooms advertised to let furnished found them shabby, but without inquiring the price said politely that they were probably beyond her purse, to which the landlady retorted: "So I should imagine!"

The vulgarity and coarseness of this reply are apparent enough when we regard its source, and it is strange that people who on no account would imitate the manners of such people in other respects exactly resemble them in the insolence of their retorts. The newspapers have given wide publicity to what has been called a brilliant and witty repartee made by a celebrated statesman often mentioned of late for the Presidency. Another distinguished man, his opponent in an argument, had just closed an effective speech in the House of Representatives with the well-known words, "I had rather be right than be President," when the other exclaimed: "You will never be either!"

Great laughter greeted the retort; but what could have been more insulting, brutal, I will say—brutal because it accomplished no end but to humiliate and discountenance? It could not modify any man's opinion upon the subject under discussion, it could not change a vote, it could not affect the opinion of the man to whom it was addressed. It was a remark to belittle, degrade and ridicule, and was directed to a great and good man, the representative of an enlightened constituency and in the halls of Congress. It was just such a remark as one rowdy or loafer on the street corner flings at another, and the laughter that greeted it in Congress was just such an uproar of thoughtless mirth as that with which a gang of roughs greets similar retorts

addressed by one of their number to another, and often avenged by a blow. As a specimen of wit it was of a very low order. We call ourselves a civilized and refined people, while we imitate the language of boors and rowdies.

* * *

PREVALENT NOTIONS OF BAD FORM.

It is bad form to talk with servants except in giving necessary orders and instructions. Everyone says so, and there is no question about it. Yet we know perfectly well that a great many people do it—on the sly; for birds of a feather will flock together. If the mistress is not a bird of the servant's feather she will be unable to endure the conversation of a rude, uncultivated person. To say, then, that it is bad form to talk with servants is only another way of saying that it is bad form to reveal that you are a bird of the servant's feather. Enjoyment of the companionship of servants indicates low tastes, limited intellect, and small attainments; and if one is not in fact and reality superior in intellect and refinement to her servants, she must, at least, so the world says, assume to be so—assume superiority whether she possesses it or not. In short, instead of striving, by giving her mind to elevated subjects, to be their superiors in reality, she must act the pretender and snob, and set up a claim to which she is not entitled. She must pretend to be above her own intellectual level. She must hold aloof from her own intellectual equals, not because their language is coarse, their thoughts low, their minds dull, and their opinions gross and degrading, but because they are poor, humble, and earn their bread by ignominious toil.

And this suggests the query, What is the peculiar quality or nature of money that renders its possessors superior to the rest of mankind, and dignifies each man according to the amount of it that he possesses? If wealth were synonymous with refinement and cultivation, and poverty the reverse, or if wealth always indicated the practice of virtue or the possession of genius, talents, or

intellectual gifts of any sort, or even of great business enterprise, energy and thrift, its arrogance might be defended and understood. But the fact that no one openly avows that his claim to superiority is founded on money proves clearly enough that no one can defend the demand of money to recognition as an element of respect.

Why is it that the lists of invited guests at millionaire weddings and other great social functions never by any chance contain the names of men who have distinguished themselves by their learning and high intellectual achievement? Why do we never see the names of professional men, of literary people, or of artists, sculptors, scientists, or statesmen, except that of the occasional possessor of a fortune among these classes? What other explanation can be offered than that which will occur to every mind—that these men and women of brain are seldom rich, and the plutocrat bankers, brewers, tradesmen and railroad magnates, or, more especially their wives and daughters, would regard it as “bad form” to be seen in their company? Occasionally a man of letters, for instance, possesses business abilities and acquires a fortune, Joseph Pulitzer, for example, and then the great American nobility, the millionaires, welcome him with open arms. Occasionally the statesman possesses a fortune, Levi P. Morton, for example, and him, too, the great exclusive American aristocrat will benevolently recognize. Occasionally a rich man or woman writes a book, but what millionaire list of invited guests ever contained the name of one person of either sex distinguished in letters, art or science, or in the professions or statecraft, unless such person was in the enjoyment of a fortune, inherited or acquired?

* * *

CLOTHING ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

There is a sign over a store in this city informing the passer-by that clothing of all kinds for ladies or gentlemen can be had therein on the instal-

ment plan, and that credit is given to all.

That sign has perplexed me for years. How the ordinary instalment schemes could be extended to wearing apparel without bankruptcy to the merchant, and without the practice of some kind of a bunco game on the customer, it seemed difficult to understand. But I called and investigated and I am satisfied that the business is both prosperous and honest—as the world goes—and that it “fills a long-felt want.”

But there is no chance here for ragged tramps. This section of the body politic must continue, for the present, to replenish their wardrobes by exchange with better dressed scarecrows in the corn fields. Nor is there any hope for threadbare citizens “out of a job” and to whom a new suit of clothes might bring the long-sought employment. This is a business, a thrifty business, and not a charity, and its benefits are reserved wholly for those who have work and only one obstacle in the way of paying ready cash—their improvidence, their inability to look ahead and save for future wants; so here they come and buy their clothes at an advance of 5 per cent. and goodness knows how much more.

The pecuniary standing of each customer is carefully looked into. No sale is made to any person out of employment or without a local habitation. One-third of the price is paid down, the remainder in easy weekly instalments. If payments are not promptly made, then the dealer begins talking about “the lawyer.” How he gets over the exemption laws and the immemorial bootlessness of “suing a beggar” the clothier does not feel disposed to enlarge upon, insisting that “the lawyer” can seize the delinquent debtor’s “trunk.” I formed the opinion, however, that they make such careful inquiry and estimate concerning each candidate for a new suit as to render it unnecessary to resort to any further legal proceedings than vigorous threats to put the matter into the hands of that dread, but doubtless apocryphal, being, their legal bugaboo, the success of which admonitions must depend on

the delinquent's ignorance of the law and his squeamishness on the score of an *exposé* of the delicate situation. At all events, it is an established fact that the instalment plan of buying clothing has been in successful operation several years, and doubtless it will continue to prosper as long as cold weather continues to find men without an overcoat or the ready cash to buy it. I found that even silk dresses and gentlemen's dress suits are sold in this manner.

Pondering over the blessings of the scheme, I felt sorry to learn that those

most in need of its advantages were the very ones debarred from its privileges. If ever a man undertakes to lift himself over the fence by his bootstraps it is when he goes out to look for something to do with his clothes ragged, his boots broken, and his hat bearing every evidence of having been rescued from an ash barrel. Even the most benevolent of employers are unable to see the right stuff in an applicant in such a sorry plight. The fact is, no man can stand up and look the man he knows he is when his attire has grown so much shabbier than customary.



CURRENT FASHIONS.

VERILY these are days of sadness and gloom for the woman whose purse is light, yet whose æsthetic spirit yearns to follow the caprices of Dame Fashion; for extravagance, both as to quality and quantity of material, is the dominant feature of the present mode. "Sweet simplicity," as applied to feminine wearing apparel, whether it be in millinery, dresses or underwear, has degenerated to a bit of charming phraseology, vaguely suggesting the days of our austere Puritan ancestors, but having nothing in common with the manners and methods of to-day.

The revival of the styles of the Marie Antoinette, Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. periods is the principal innovation of the season, and one which, by virtue of the ready adaptability of these modes to all varieties of face and figure, bids fair to hold precedence for a long time to come.

For the slight, girlish form, what can be more appropriate than the dainty Marie Antoinette gown, with its quaint, broad collarette extending from the neck well over the shoulders, the full drooping sleeves, and the graceful panel of the skirt? Nor has fashion done less for the woman, hitherto neglected, who is inclined to *embonpoint*, and whom the fashions of the past few years have goaded almost to madness. No longer is she obliged to attire herself in the hideously unbecoming short waists and plain skirts of the spring season, which exaggerated her goodly proportions into a deformity. Nor, again, is she compelled to disport herself, willy-nilly, in loose blouse effects intended only for the sylph-like form, or to assume the gigantic sleeve which exacted homage from all, careless of consequence to the beholder.

From this thralldom the stout woman is now emancipated through the introduction of the stately redingote and the Louis XV. basque. The latter presents the popular coat effect, and is

equally adapted to either dressy or street wear, according to the material employed in its construction. Made of brocaded satin, with the vest, revers, pocket flaps, etc., of mirror velvet, it is extremely handsome and eminently becoming. The cavalier or gauntlet cuff commonly accompanies this style of basque, and serves to add the final touch of courtliness to the entire costume.

For the woman who is the fortunate possessor of a shapely physique and sufficient *avoirduois* nothing can excel the redingote, now again, happily, returning to favor after a long banishment. Its long lines, extending without a break from neck to hem, its absence of all drapery, and its unpromising austerity of outline, impart an elegance to the figure impossible to obtain in any other style.

Since early fall the air has been rife with rumors concerning a reduction of the size of sleeves. These reports have at last taken decided shape, and it is possible to advance authoritative information upon this subject without a moral certainty of having to contradict one's self in the next breath. One thing is certain: the giant sleeve is a thing of the past, or rather, of the far-off future, for it is an historic fact that many of the styles are revived every third generation. The present sleeve is somewhat more than half the size of its predecessor, and is of the modified leg-o'-mutton variety. It shows but little fullness at the shoulder, the puff drooping, without stiffening, almost to the elbow. Another sleeve, which claims consideration on the ground of its novelty, is slightly gathered at the seams from the wrist to a point slightly above the elbow, having much the same effect as a mousquetaire glove. The puff is small, perhaps a third the size that has been worn, and is caught down in the centre of the outside in several rows of tiny shirrings.

Skirts remain abnormally large, hanging in soft flutes and not in decided godets as formerly. They are lined with canvas to a distance of about 10 inches from the hem—a bit of news which will not be unwelcome to the vast majority of women, I fancy, in view of the great expense entailed when the skirt required to be lined throughout with haircloth. There is every reason to believe that narrower skirts will be the vogue ere long, as the latest importations show an appreciable decrease in the expansion. Little or no trimming is used on them, though an occasional band or narrow fold is seen at the hem. When panels are introduced, however, trimming may be used to suit the fancy. Black skirts and colored waists are still worn, but they are not as popular with the *bon ton* as formerly; their extreme practicality and economy will cause the public to part with them most unwillingly.

Girdles of the Empire period form an important feature of many toilets. They are worn either plain or draped, and form a most desirable accessory in the remodeling of a gown which has seen its best days. In many cases they are elaborately trimmed with jet or passementerie, and are commonly provided with collars and cuffs to match.

The dainty Marie Antoinette fichus impart a quaint touch to many of the new evening costumes, and are so universally becoming that their popularity is already established. They are shaped like a three-cornered shawl. One end is fastened to the back of the basque just at the waist line, the other two being demurely folded across the bust. These fichus are exceedingly expensive if purchased ready made, but they can be constructed by the home dressmaker at comparatively little expense. Soft materials, such as mull, chiffon and China silk, are the most favorable to the face and figure, though Point d'Esprit lace finds favor with many. Made of filmy lace and worn over a waist of some pretty color they are simply exquisite.

Yokes and plastrons, in an infinite variety, continue to adorn new costumes and add new lustre to those which are slightly *passé*. It is in the

latter capacity that the plastron finds its principal adherents, although many of the newly imported basques do not hesitate to show it in effective combinations. For a waist slightly worn, or those which are defective in fit, the plastron is a veritable boon, as it not only conceals these imperfections but gives new life and style to the costume. Dainty plastrons of dotted Swiss, ornamented with insertion and edging of butter-colored Valenciennes lace, can be purchased at almost any of the large dry-goods houses for a trifle. Money expended in this way is well invested, as the plastron, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins."

Buttons are probably the season's most popular garniture for dresses of all kinds. But they are not the simple, unostentatious affairs that we first knew, whose highest mission was to serve us. The buttons of to-day are ambitious to shine on their own account. They have blossomed forth in all the colors of the rainbow, and, indeed, in many colors of which the rainbow can never hope to boast. Imitation jewels set in rims of gilt form their most popular variety, though some of the novelties assume the guise of butterflies, clover leaves and flowers. To such an extent has the manufacture of these imitation jewels been carried that it is difficult to distinguish between the real and the spurious. Rhinestones are by far the most used, both for their brilliancy and for the perfection to which these stones have been brought, though Roman pearls of pink, black and white, as well as emeralds, rubies, turquoises, and amethysts, all are represented in these exquisite buttons. Daisies made of gilt, thickly studded with rhinestones, are perhaps the most in demand.

Next to buttons, passementerie span-gled and bejeweled in every possible design is the trimming most in favor. Lace, also, is seen in great abundance on fashionable gowns, not infrequently in combination with fur. Chinchilla is the leading fur of the season, though mink is not without its adherents, perhaps from the fact that the tiny heads can be utilized to such advantage in

decorating the costume. Mirror velvet, both for millinery and for dresses, has entirely superseded any other variety in the popular fancy. It is used indiscriminately for whole or parts of bodices, theatre wraps, and the like. Worn in combination with heavy *écru* lace, it is indescribably handsome.

Feathers, combined with imitation jewels, form most elaborate trimmings. Deep points formed of black marabout feathers are strikingly effective if placed on a gown of ivory white satin. Small curly tips are in vogue for outlining corsages, as they are especially favorable to the throat. A large number of the more expensive cloth costumes have feathers used as trimming, though their extreme perishability will render them unpopular with the many. Collars made entirely of long ostrich plumes are now exhibited on the counters and widely worn on dressy occasions.

The materials shown for dressy wear were never more bewilderingly beautiful than at present. There are lustrous silks and filmy chiffons, spangled gauzes that float about like clouds studded with tiny stars, Dresden silks and those exhibiting many-colored Persian designs—in short, the fabrics are of Arabian Night loveliness.

For street wear the innumerable bouclé weaves are most in demand. The fancy for plaids was short-lived and but few are now seen on the fashionable promenades. Zibeline, caniche, Bayadere bourettes, heather mixtures and shot covert suitings are the most popular varieties of dress materials.

The cape still remains the outer garment par excellence, and the reason is not far to seek. It does not crush the much trimmed bodice or mar the beauty of the sleeves. For street wear the double golf cape, made in heavy ulstering and trimmed with fur or braid, is most worn, while for evening, wraps of *velours du Nord* or mirror velvet divide the laurels. The latter are elaborately decorated with the choicest of jeweled *passementerie* and lined with chameleon silk or illuminated taffetas.

For the opera charming wraps are made of brocaded satin or Dresden silk, and trimmed with swan's down or Angora fur. Though extremely rich and elegant, it is needless to remark that they are fabulously expensive and utterly beyond the reach of the majority.

In millinery the same profusion of trimming is noticeable as on dresses, and the models shown at the importers' are literally covered with it. Ostrich plumes are perhaps the most popular trimming for both large and small hats, though birds, soft aigrettes and those of the "brush" variety continue to be worn. Lace, ribbon, buckles, *passementerie* and fur are used to adorn the large hats—and not infrequently all may be found on a single one. The Tam-o'-Shanter crown is in high favor, doubtless because it is so softening and becoming to most faces.

Fur is more extensively used on hats and bonnets than ever before. Crowns are encircled by bands of mink; the tails are used as aigrettes, and the tiny heads peep out from among laces and feathers most bewitchingly. Collars and muffs to match the hat are sold by the leading milliners. A handsome fur toque recently seen was of beaver, the crown very soft and low, the brim being becomingly fluted at the sides and in front. A large, high loop of fur and a bunch of quills were its only trimming, and the effect was chic in the extreme.

Violets are once more popular, and are used in great abundance on both large and small hats, while American Beauty roses are also conspicuous on those intended for dressy wear. The favorite evening bonnet is a modification of the "Dutch" bonnet, but so altered by the trimming as scarcely to be recognizable. *Choux* of lace are placed at each side, toward the back, falling over the hair most becomingly. These bonnets are trimmed high at the side, the square-front effects being entirely abandoned.

In the broad-brimmed variety the tendency is to reproduce those "picture" hats made famous by the old masters. This affords an opportunity—indeed, necessitates a large amount—

of trimming, and in many cases nearly a dozen ostrich plumes nod from the broad expanse of a Gainsborough. The suitability of this style of hat solely to youthful faces, however, and its great expense will combine to render

it unpopular with the masses. For the round-faced maiden, however, the Gainsborough stands pre-eminent as the one hat which is sure to be effective and bewitching at all times.

CARLOTTA HARRIS.

NEW YORK'S DUTCH GODMOTHER.

WHEN New York city was New Amsterdam, her Dutch godmother, though not as large as she is now, was still a fair and portly dame, the chief city of that wonderful "hand-made" country, Holland.

Eight hundred years ago a few fishermen put up their huts on the banks of the river Amstel near to where it flows into the Wye, which is an arm of the celebrated Zuyder Zee, or Southern Sea. In course of time a baron's castle rose near the little hamlet, and bridges were made and palisades erected as protection against the Frisian pirates. In the thirteenth century a terrible inundation laid waste the land, and after that a great dam was built, to keep back the surging waters of the Amstel, and the fast-growing town became known as the Amstel-dam, or Amsterdam. It contained a hundred thousand people in 1623 when a party of sturdy Dutchmen sailed over the Atlantic and settled on Manhattan Island in the New World, and in its honor they named their settlement New Amsterdam, although there was no Amstel and no dam.

The great Dutch city has been called the Venice of the North, but there is not much resemblance between the Queen of the Adriatic and the Queen of the Zuyder Zee, except in the matter of canals. Amsterdam stands on ninety islands and most of its streets consist of two roadways, with a broad water-course between, and two rows of trees. The Amstel divides the city almost in half, and there are more than three hundred bridges across the numerous canals. Strangers in Amsterdam are

always surprised at seeing land life and sea life so closely united, for the boats sail right into the city. The sound of rattling chains, the puffing of steam, and the screeching of whistles on the canals mingle with the usual street noises, and as Amicis, the Italian writer, says, "the cordage of ships tangles itself in the branches of trees, carriages pass side by side with boats, shops are reflected in the water, and sails are reflected in shop windows."

The houses are high and narrow, and are generally painted black or brown, with white facings and dull red roofs; they have elaborately ornamented gable ends, which are turned toward the street, just as we see in the old pictures of New Amsterdam. Many of the houses have a strong iron crane projecting over the sidewalk from the top of the gable for the purpose of hoisting furniture or trunks to the upper floors, for the Dutch ladies are careful housekeepers, and will not have their walls scratched or broken.

The principal streets of Amsterdam meet at a great square called the Dam, and here are the Royal Palace, the Exchange and the New Church. The palace was built for the City Hall or *Stadthuis* in 1648 (only a short time after the founding of our New Amsterdam), but it was turned into a palace for Louis Bonaparte when his brother, the great Napoleon, made him King of Holland, and a palace it has remained. It is a massive and noble structure, the exterior having two rows of huge columns, one above the other, and in front the figure of Neptune, with his nymphs and tritons. Inside the walls are covered with marble beautifully

carved and polished, and hung with blue or yellow silk damask and valuable paintings. The throne room (formerly the Citizens' Hall) is entirely paneled in white marble, with a double row of columns and many gigantic statues. It is in this beautiful palace that the little girl queen of Holland, Wilhelmina, and her mother live whenever they are in Amsterdam.

On the other side of the square is the stately New Church, or *Nieuwe Kerk*, which was begun in the year 1404. It is the finest building of the kind in the city, with its sixty great windows and its very simple though delicate and beautiful ornamentation. The tomb of the celebrated Admiral de Ruyter is here. The Old Church, or *Oude Kerk*, which is not more than a hundred years older than the New Church, contains many beautiful monuments to Dutch naval heroes.

During the first week of the *kermesse* in September strangers are surprised at seeing an odd procession marching through the Exchange Building. Children of all ages form in lines and walk about in the spacious halls, playing on drums and fifes and making all manner of hideous noises. This has been their yearly privilege since 1622, and keenly do they enjoy the sport, even though many among them are too young to know the meaning of it. More than two hundred years ago some little boys who were playing on the banks of the *Amstel* caught sight of a boat filled with men gliding among the wooden piles which formed the foundations of the Exchange Building. One of the children, an orphan from the city asylum, ran away and told a *burgomaster* what he had seen, and the men in the boat were arrested at once. It was then discovered that they were *Spaniards*, and that their boat was laden with gunpowder, with which they were about to blow up the exchange and everyone in it.

Holland had not long secured her freedom from the hated Spanish rule, and so the excitement in Amsterdam was great when the news spread around. The orphan boy was called up before the *burgomasters* and publicly thanked

for the service he had rendered the city, and when he was asked what reward he desired he demanded unhesitatingly that once a year he should be allowed to play soldier in the exchange with all his companions and make as much noise as he liked. This request was granted, not only for that year but for all time, even after a new exchange, the present one, was erected.

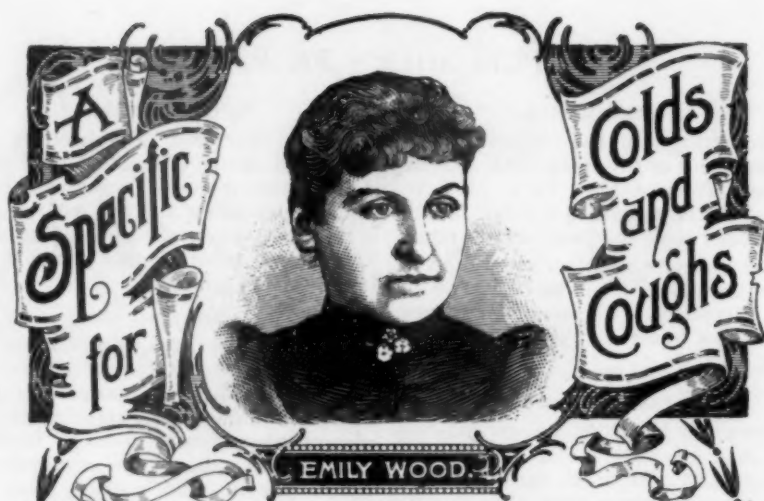
The little children of the city orphan asylum, or *Burgerweeshuis*, wear a most extraordinary uniform. It is black and red (the civic colors of Amsterdam) and the dress is half one color and half the other, divided lengthwise, so that the effect of a number of these children playing together is very striking. The poor of Amsterdam have always been generously provided for, and Louis XIV. once said to Charles II. of England that Providence would always protect that city if only on account of its charity.

Another odd costume is that of the *Aanspraaker*, a man who rushes about with tidings of births or deaths. He wears black *kneebreeches* and stockings, great silver buckles on his shoes, and a cocked hat; if his message is one of death there floats a long black streamer from his hat, but if he comes to announce a birth the streamer is white.

Rembrandt, the greatest of Dutch painters, lived and worked in Amsterdam for many years; his statue stands in the square, and his house is pointed out to every visitor. In the *Rijks Museum* are many of his wonderful pictures, and he seems to be as well known to the people, high and low, as if he were still among them. The collection of paintings in Amsterdam is the finest in all Holland, and the most celebrated canvas is Rembrandt's *Nightwatch*, which was painted in 1642.

Many of the houses in Amsterdam lean forward or sideways, as if about to topple over, but this is not surprising, for they are built on wooden piles driven into the mud. The royal palace has a foundation of more than thirteen thousand of these piles.

ISABEL SMITHSON.



EMILY WOOD.

"Two winters ago, I had the grippe, and it left me with a cough which gave me no rest night or day. My family physician prescribed for me, changing medicines as often as he found the things I had taken were not helping me, but I got no better. Finally, my husband procured, for me, a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before I took half of it, I was cured. I use the Pectoral in my family whenever we want it, and find it a specific for colds, coughs, and lung troubles."

EMILY WOOD, North St., Elkton, Md.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR

FOR
YOUTHFUL
COLOR

USE

& ABUNDANT
GROWTH
OF THE HAIR

**AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR**

MADE BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO. LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

AN EXPLANATION.

The change in the ownership and management of this magazine and its transfer from Asbury Park, N. J., to New York have caused a delay of the November issue that was unavoidable.

The December number will be out in a few days and future issues will be on time thereafter. The magazine is now in its new home, at 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE PAST AND FUTURE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE was established in 1852. At no time during its long and prosperous career has its future been brighter than it is to-day. Its record is an honorable one—that of a bright, clean, wholesome magazine, welcomed for forty-three years to thousands of homes throughout the United States.

It will be enlarged and improved during the coming year until it has reached a point of excellence equal to the best magazines of to-day. Articles by well-known writers will appear and its typography and illustrations will be the best that art can produce.

It will be a home magazine in every sense, of equal interest to each member of the family.

BACK NUMBERS.

Every effort will be made to supply back numbers of the magazine. Replies to such inquiries may be delayed somewhat, owing to the increase of work caused by the change in ownership of the magazine and the removal of the printing department to New York.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

In the January number ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE will have something to say to its young lady readers who may want a business, musical or art education.

Every ambitious and industrious girl will have the opportunity to secure the instruction desired without cost under some of the best teachers in the East.

TO THE READER.

If you are not a subscriber to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE send one dollar, either direct or through any reputable newsdealer, and you will receive it for the year 1896, including the December number of this year. Now is the time to subscribe.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

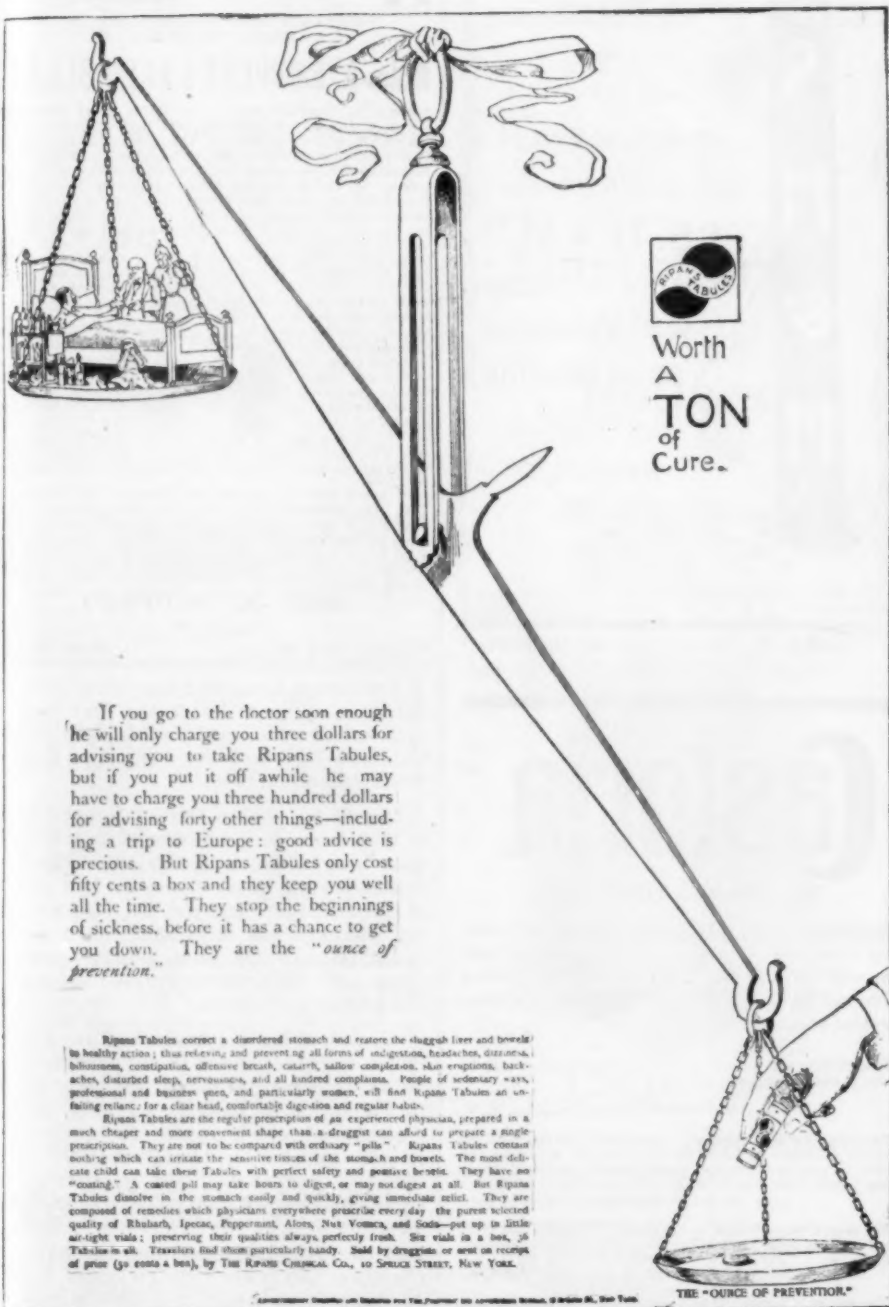
Bright, well-written, up-to-date articles on subjects suitable for magazines will receive careful attention. If not acceptable they will be returned to the writers when return postage is sent. Manuscripts should be typewritten where possible, and postage must be fully prepaid.

NEW COVER.

The December number will appear in a handsome new cover, specially designed by one of the best artists of New York. The magazine will be otherwise improved and new features added.

A PRESENT FOR THE LADIES.

The prejudice that has for many years prevented intelligent people from using Complexion Powder is fast disappearing, as its many refreshing uses—to prevent sunburn, chafing, wind tan, lessen perspiration, &c.—are understood and tried. Pozzoni's is a cleanly, healthful and harmless Powder, an absolute necessity to the refined toilet in this climate, and when rightly used is invisible. This cannot be said of all complexion powders, but every lady in America who has tried it knows that it is true of Pozzoni's. The trouble comes from using imitations, and at almost every store you will be offered something just as good as Pozzoni's. There is no complexion powder so good; many are unsafe and some are poisonous. A puff or powder box is as great a necessity as a toilet powder. All purchasers of a box of the genuine Pozzoni's Powder will be presented with a handsome "Scovill's Gold Puff Box" at any druggist's or fancy goods dealer's. Ask to see them.



Worth
A
TON
of
Cure.

If you go to the doctor soon enough he will only charge you three dollars for advising you to take Ripans Tabules, but if you put it off awhile he may have to charge you three hundred dollars for advising forty other things—including a trip to Europe: good advice is precious. But Ripans Tabules only cost fifty cents a box and they keep you well all the time. They stop the beginnings of sickness, before it has a chance to get you down. They are the "ounce of prevention."

Ripans Tabules correct a disordered stomach and restore the sluggish liver and bowels to healthy action; thus relieving and preventing all forms of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, offensive breath, sourish, sallow complexion, skin eruptions, backaches, disturbed sleep, nervousness, and all kindred complaints. People of sedentary habits, professional and business men, and particularly women, will find Ripans Tabules an unfailing relief: for a clear head, comfortable digestion and regular habits.

Ripans Tabules are the regular prescription of an experienced physician, prepared in a much cheaper and more convenient shape than a druggist can afford to prepare a single prescription. They are not to be compared with ordinary "pills." Ripans Tabules contain nothing which can irritate the sensitive tissues of the stomach and bowels. The most delicate child can take these Tabules with perfect safety and positive benefit. They have an "easying" effect. A coated pill may take hours to digest, or may not digest at all. But Ripans Tabules dissolve in the stomach easily and quickly, giving immediate relief. They are composed of remedies which physicians everywhere prescribe every day: the purest selected quality of Rhubarb, Ipecac, Peppermint, Aloes, Nux Vomica, and Soda—put up in little air-tight vials: preserving their qualities always perfectly fresh. Six vials in a box, 25¢. Twelve in all. Travelers find them particularly handy. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price (35¢ cents a box), by THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE "OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

Advertisement Circulars and Editions are Published by The Publisher and Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

The
Stiffening
in your
skirt
doesn't cut through
if you put on an
"S. H. & M."
Bias
Velveteen
Skirt Binding
The kind that
"lasts as long
as the
skirt."



Send for samples, showing labels and material,
to the S. H. & M. Co., P.O. Box 699, New York City.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Castoria

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. **Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M.D.,
211 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
127th Street and 7th Ave., New-York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New-York City.

A GRAND OFFER. - - -

EVERY LADY NOW HAS THE OPPORTUNITY
OF TRYING THE MERITS OF

Mme. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH

Mme. A. Ruppert says: "I know there are many ladies who would like to try the merits of my FACE BLEACH, but on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or three bottles for \$5, have had some hesitancy in spending that amount to convince themselves of its great value. Therefore, during the coming month I will depart from my usual custom and offer to all a trial bottle, sufficient to show that it is all I claim for it, for 25 cts. per bottle. If you live outside the city send 25 cts. in stamps or silver and I will send securely packed, variation, all charge. Mme. A. Ruppert fore the public as the Greatest Specialist, which more for her FACE BLEACH than she has received women, telling FACE BLEACH has She is the pioneer stands pre-emi- having had thou- but not a single competitor."



In every case of FRECKLES, Pimples, BLACKHEADS, TAN, SALLOWNESS, Moth, ECZEMA, etc., it is a SURE CURE. It does not cover up but is purely a skin medicine, perfectly harmless and wholly invisible. Call or send 6 cts. postage for Mme. Ruppert's book, HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL. It alone is worth its weight in gold to any woman.

MME. A. RUPPERT,

Dept. D. W.

6 East 14th Street,

New York.

The infant King of Spain recently sent the Pope a formal letter, the first he had ever written. It was in answer to a letter the Pope had sent the little king on his first communion.

One of the stories told of Russell Sage is that when a thief once dropped a bill near him, in order to draw his attention from counting some money he had drawn at a bank, Mr. Sage put his foot on the bill, thanked his informant, finished his count, stored his own money securely away, and then smilingly put the thief's bill also in his pocket.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman, in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses; "no fewer than eleven of Kate's brothers have been here this winter to take her to the theatre, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."

FRECKLES, MOTH PATCHES,
Liver Spots, all Skin
Blemishes permanently removed. John H.
Woodbury, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y., Inventor of
Facial Soap. Send stamp for 150 page book.
Branch Offices: Boston, Phila., Chicago, St. Louis.

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM,
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.**

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles,
Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin dis-
eases, and every blemish
on beauty, and defies
detection. It has stood
the test of 43 years,
and is so harmless we
taste it to be sure it is
properly made. Accept
no counterfeit of similar
name. Dr. L. A. Sayre
said to a lady of the haut-
ton (a patient): "As
you ladies will use them,
I recommend 'Gouraud's
Cream' as the least harm-
ful of all the Skin prepa-
rations." For sale by
all Druggists and Fancy
Goods dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING
SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING**
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

**Turkish
Towels.**



A big Turkish Towel — not too harsh — affords
the most refreshing rub after the bath. We have
just the right kind, they are 22 by 45 inches in
size and are made of undressed double yarn.
Shrewd buying enables us to sell them at the re-
markably low price of

18 CENTS EACH,
Or Two for 35 Cents.

We pay the Postage.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
DRY GOODS,
PHILADELPHIA.

Window shades are of two sorts
—good and bad.

The bad ones are the kind that
stick when you don't want them to
and don't stick when you do want
them to.

The other kind always catch at
the right place. If you care to
look, you'll always find that these
are mounted on

**Hartshorn's
Shade
Rollers**

and STEWART HARTSHORN'S au-
tograph is on the label.

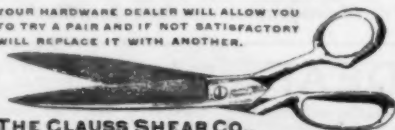


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**SHEARS AND SCISSORS
AS LIGHTNING CUTTERS**

ARE HIGH ABOVE THEM ALL.

YOUR HARDWARE DEALER WILL ALLOW YOU
TO TRY A PAIR AND IF NOT SATISFACTORY
WILL REPLACE IT WITH ANOTHER.



THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO.,

FREMONT, OHIO, U. S. A.

AIDS DIGESTION.

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IMPROVES THE APPETITE.

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CLEARs THE THROAT.

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CHEWING GUM.

Adams & Sons are the originators of the now world famed Chewing Gums. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS. Save the coupons in each Five-cent package.

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COCOA-CHOCOLATES
For Eating & Drinking

Purity of Material
and Deliciousness of
Flavor Unexcelled

For Sale at our Stores & by Grocers
everywhere
* ASK For *Kuyler's* Use no other



WILL YOU READ THIS?

If your system is run down, you have lost flesh and strength; if you are suffering from debility, no matter from what cause, use **KINMONTH'S HYPOPHOSPHITES**. It is unequalled as a **VITALIZING TONIC, BRAIN, NERVE AND BLOOD FOOD**. It is universally acknowledged by the medical profession the world over that the Hypophosphites have no equal as a Tissue Builder. Consumption, Asthma, Kidney Disease, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite and Kindred Ailments are usually the result of a run down and debilitated condition. Persons who have suffered from the debilitating effects of La Grippe will be benefited beyond their most sanguine expectations by the use of Hypophosphites—in fact, the same results will obtain from its use in every case where the person's system is run down and requires building up. Infants and children that are puny and not in vigorous health will be greatly benefited by the use of Hypophosphites. Why, you may ask, have the Phosphates such restorative properties? The answer is because Phosphates enter more largely into the human economy than all other salts combined.

A person using a bottle of the **HYPOPHOSPHITES** is sure to have their general condition and appearance improved to a marked extent.

We might give very many testimonials from physicians and people in every walk of life telling of the benefits derived from the use of **KINMONTH'S HYPOPHOSPHITES**, but we have not the space here, nor do we think it necessary to do so. It is pleasant to take. One bottle will last an adult person one month. **PINT BOTTLES, ONE DOLLAR. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.** Prepared by

Dr. H. S. KINMONTH & CO.,

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

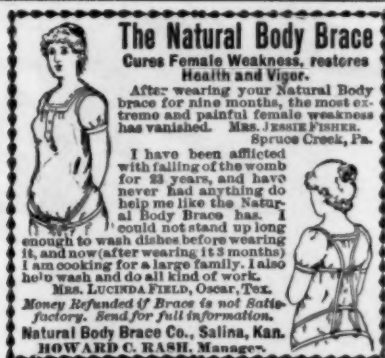
The Natural Body Brace
Cures Female Weakness, restores Health and Vigor.

After wearing your Natural Body brace for nine months, the most extreme and painful female weakness has vanished. **Mrs. JESSIE FISHER, Spruce Creek, Pa.**

I have been afflicted with falling of the womb for 23 years, and have never had anything do help me like the Natural Body Brace has. I could not stand up long enough to wash dishes before wearing it, and now (after wearing it 3 months) I am cooking for a large family. I also ho't wash and do all kind of work.

Mrs. LUCINDA FIELD, Oscar, Tex.

Money Refunded if Brace is not Satisfaction. Send for full information. **Natural Body Brace Co., Salina, Kan.** **HOWARD C. RASH, Manager.**



SHORTHAND SELF TAUGHT.

Send for Catalogue of Books and helps by

Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard.

Thousands have mastered the arts in this way. Or if you wish to save time by going to a good school we will tell you where to go. Address

The Phonographic Institute Co., Cincinnati.

DEAFNESS and Head Noises Entirely Cured
by Peck's Invisible TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable, self-adjusting. Successful where all remedies fail. Illustrated book and proofs free. Address **F. HISCOX, 553 Broadway, New York.**

DIPHTHERIA AND SORE THROAT CURED.

KINMONTH'S DIPHTHERIA AND SORE THROAT SPECIFIC is a positive cure for Diphtheria, Quinsy and all forms of Sore Throat. No medicine has ever given the satisfaction or met with the success that this has in the treatment of Diphtheria and Sore Throat. Physicians are using it in preference to all other remedies. It leaves no injurious effects in the system and can be taken by the most delicate. No family should be without it in the house. "A stitch in time saves nine" is a truism, and a few doses of **KINMONTH'S SORE THROAT SPECIFIC** taken in time (in the early stages of the disease) will arrest and cure diphtheria and all forms of sore throat without fail. 25

One trial will convince the most skeptical. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Ask your druggist for it, or we will send it prepaid to any part of the United States on the receipt of price.

Proprietors: **Dr. H. S. KINMONTH & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.** Agents: **C. M. CRITTENTON CO., New York; SHOEMAKER & BUSCH, Philadelphia.**



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars
covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co.
2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat producing
effects of food. The supply being stopped,
the natural working of the system draws
on the fat and reduces weight at once.
Sold by all Druggists.



LADIES WE WILL FREE

ers. How important it is to get our soft rubber rolls and Wring-
the largest makers of Rubber Rolls and Wringers in the world.
Capital, \$2,500,000. When you see our warrant on rolls you may know
your wringer will give good service and wear well. Send postal for pamphlet

our unique and interesting
pamphlet, giving some in-
teresting points on Wring-
ers. We are



AMERICAN WRINGER COMPANY, 99 Chambers Street, New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

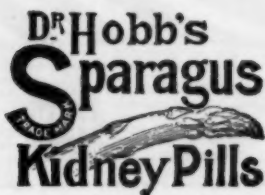
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889,

AND THE AWARD AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.

YOUR KIDNEYS

filter your blood. That is,
when they are well they do.
When they are overworked
they don't, and then you get
Bright's Disease, Diabetes,
Rheumatism, Gout, Anaemia,
Chlorosis, Sallow Complexion,
Headache, Nervousness,
Dizziness, Neuralgia, etc.

You can cure your kidneys with



and this will cure all the Blood and Kidney Disorders from which you may be suffering.

A few doses will relieve. A few boxes will cure. Ask for them at your druggist's, or send 50 cents for a box, by mail prepaid.

Write for valuable pamphlet, "A Filter For Your Blood;" free on request.

HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., DEPT. D.

Chicago.

San Francisco

MISCELLANY.

It costs \$1,000,000 a day to run the Government of the United States. Pensions absorb about half this sum.

It has been said that the hen is eternal because her son will never set. Which reminds us that eggs are always miss-laid.

The printing ink used on the Bank of England notes is made from naphtha smoke. It was formerly manufactured from grapestone charcoal.

A New York woman complains that a bride and groom living in the same house disturbed the neighborhood by kissing each other.

Out of 1,000 men who marry 332 marry wives younger than themselves, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

Court dress in Berlin is to be modeled on the Venetian costumes of the Renaissance. The deputies will appear as Venetian senators.

A year-old baby recently died from nicotine poisoning. It had a pipe to play with for a short time and must have put it in its mouth.

Elsie: "I always knew he was too timid to propose."

Alice: "But he got married a short time ago."

Elsie: "Yes; but that's nothing; he only married a widow."

Prince Bismarck received about 218,000 postal cards from as many admirers congratulating him on his eightieth birthday. These cards have a total weight of 1,320 pounds, and piled up in one column would reach a height of 150 feet.

Muggins: "I paid \$1.50 to see your wife's hat last night."

Buggins: "What are you talking about?"

Muggins: "Fact. I sat right behind her at the theatre."

A GOOD CHILD is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

8 CENTS

We will send by mail this beautiful Friendship Ring, warranted 14 k. Solid Rolled Gold, and our grand Catalogue of Jewelry, all for Eight Cents. Postage stamps taken. Pin to your letter a piece of paper size of ring wanted. Address, LYNN & CO., 48 Bond Street, New York.



CASH PAID for your neighbors addresses, also newspaper clippings (all kinds) \$20 per 1000. Particulars for stamp. Advertiser's Clipping Bureau, 100 W. 21th St. NEW YORK.

THE LEADING CONSERVATORY OF AMERICA.
CARL FAELTEN, Director.
Founded by E. Tourjée
in 1853.
New England Conservatory
OF MUSIC. Boston, Mass.
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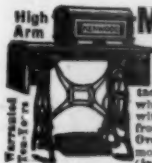
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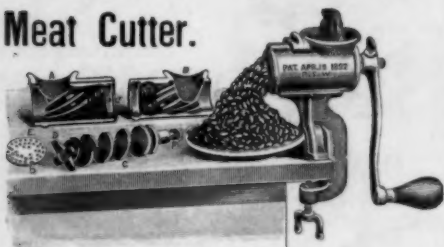
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